

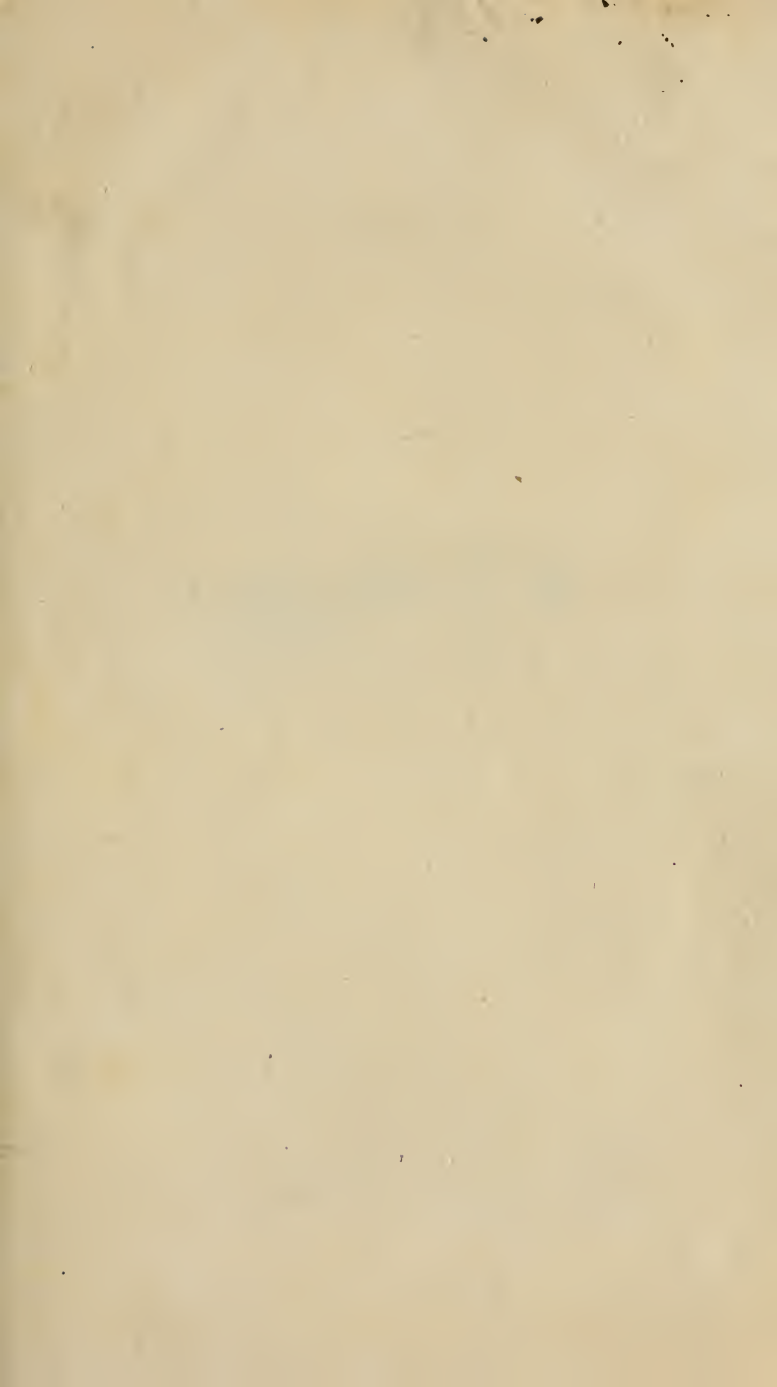


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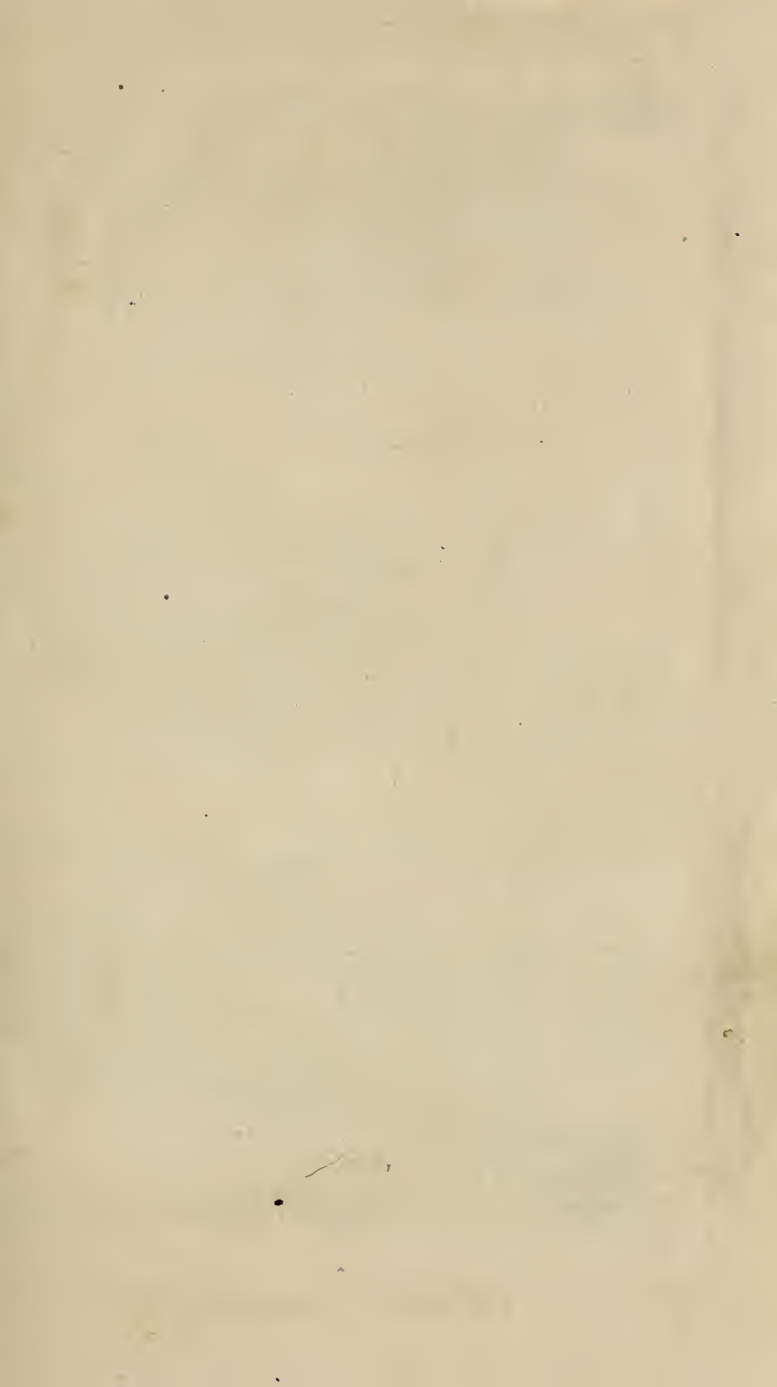
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A  
LETTER  
TO  
CLEOMENE S,  
KING of  
S P A R T A,  
FROM  
*Eustace Budgell Esq;*

---

————— *Solamen habeto*  
*Mortis, ab Æmonio quod sis jugulatus Achille.*  
*Ov. Metam. Lib. xii.*

---

*Most Mighty Monarch;*



THOUGH I find I am to *fall*,  
it is at least some Pleasure to  
me to consider that I shall *fall*  
by so *great a Hand* as your  
Majesty's; and *this Reflection*  
determin'd me in the Choice of my *Motto*.

[ B ]

Before

Before I submit to my Fate, I am likewise pleased to see the glorious and happy Condition of my native Country : The Affairs of *Great-Britain* are, it seems, become considerable enough to make a Noise even in the other World, and to divide the most illustrious Shades of the Ancients into different Factions : *Cato, Socrates, Phocion, Publicola, Aristides, and Camillus,\** have long since appeared among us ; and shewn more *Warmth* and *Passion* in attacking and defending some *English* Ministers, than ever they did in Behalf of those different Parties they formerly espoused at *Rome* or *Athens* ; I find even your Majesty is at last become a *Knight Errant*, and has made a Sally from the Banks of *Stix* in Defence of a *noble Person*, whose *publick Spirit* and other *Virtues* do so nearly resemble those of the ancient *Spartans*. I have read with a proper Attention, your Majesty's Epistle to the worthy Author of the *Daily Courant* ; and as I find I have the Honour to be the *Subject* of it, it would be an unpardonable Breach of good Manners, if

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\* The Names of these *great Men* have been subscrib'd to several *Letters* printed in our *Weekly Journals*, and other publick *News-Papers*.

if I should not return your Majesty an Answer : I should have done this sooner, had I not been prevented by some *Circumstances*, to which I believe your Majesty is not altogether a Stranger. Though I am treated in your Epistle, with as much Haughtiness and Contempt, as your Majesty could have expressed to one of your *Heliores* ;\* yet in my Answer to your Majesty, I shall keep myself within the strictest Rules of Decency and good Manners. I am determin'd to this upon two Considerations ; first, upon Account of the Figure your Majesty once made in the World ; and secondly, because your Majesty's Royal Style and Way of Writing, does so exactly resemble a *most noble Person's*, with whom I had formerly the Honour to be acquainted : I shall pay a proper Regard to each of your princely Sentiments : That I may not disguise them by presuming to cloath them in my vulgar Style, I shall lay them before my Readers in your own Words, and just as your Majesty caus'd

[ B 2 ]

them

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\* The *Heliores* were a People whom the *Spartans* having conquer'd, made their Slaves ; and used with a *Barbarity*, which is hardly to be justify'd.



them to be inserted in the *Daily Courant* of May 27.

YOUR Royal Epistle begins thus :

*To the Author of the Daily Courant.*

S I R,

“ **T**HE well-known extraordinary Pro-  
 “ ceeding of Mr. EUSTACE BUDGELL  
 “ at his Majesty’s Levee, having made some  
 “ Noise in the World, allow me to communi-  
 “ cate those Hints to the Publick, which may  
 “ convey, as I apprehend, a much juster  
 “ Notion than has yet been entertain’d of  
 “ that Affair.”

IT is the utmost Satisfaction to me to find, that your Majesty and I do at least agree in one Particular ; namely, that *The well-known extraordinary Proceeding of Mr. Eustace Budgell* was at the *Levee* of the King of Great Britain ; because I have been inform’d, that your Majesty has formerly reported this *well-known Proceeding* was in the *Drawing-Room* : I am sure the Publick will pay so much Deference to any Hints your Majesty shall condescend

descend to communicate to them, in order to *correct their Notions* about this Affair, that I shall no longer detain them from so agreeable an Entertainment, but proceed to transcribe the next Paragraph of your Majesty's Epistle; which runs thus :

*“ These, Sir, neither the Publick, nor  
“ yourself, had been troubled with, had  
“ Mr. BUDGELL been left to the Manage-  
“ ment of his own Concern ; which seems to  
“ have been of a private Nature, and rela-  
“ ted principally to his own particular In-  
“ terest ; for though his Method of conduct-  
“ ing it, might make him the Object of much  
“ Ridicule and Contempt, yet it could not  
“ possibly have stood in need of being more  
“ publickly exposed, than such Treatment  
“ would furnish ; but a Set of artful ill  
“ Men, taking the Advantage of the great  
“ Weakness of this unhappy Person, have  
“ been making a TOOL of him ; and, in short,  
“ having work'd him up to an Impertinence  
“ within Doors, are now endeavouring to  
“ make him noisy and factious without : And  
“ these are Circumstances, which will justify  
“ an open Opposition.”*

I AM overjoy'd to find even by this *second Paragraph*, that your Majesty's Way of thinking is much nearer my own than it was formerly : Your Majesty is pleased to intimate, that I am a very *weak Man* ; and this I readily grant : Since your Majesty is graciously pleased to allow me at present, not to be downright *distracted*, I am resolved to have no Manner of Dispute with your Majesty, either about the *Strength* or *Quantity* of my Understanding. Your Majesty says next, that I am an *unhappy Person* ; and this is likewise most certainly *true* ; yet, I beg Leave to tell your Majesty, that some of your Royal Predecessors have rather chose to *assist*, than to *make* unhappy Men. The next kind Thing your Majesty says of me, is, that I am a *Tool* ; and by your Majesty's putting the Word *Tool*, both here and elsewhere in *Capital Letters*, your Majesty seems to have a very particular Affection for *Tools* : I would not be thought to insinuate, that your Majesty is about such Work as none but Men that are *very Tools* would ever engage in. These several Circumstances of my being *weak, unhappy*, and a *Tool*, your Majesty seems to think



think will justify your *open Opposition* to me : I humbly conceive the Words *open Opposition*, in the Mouth of a Prince, signify *War* ; so that I am to look upon this Epistle of your Majesty's, as an *open* and formal *Declaration of War*. I am very sensible how unequal I am to the Encounter ; yet, with a *good Cause* on my Side, if I cannot *conquer*, I shall endeavour at least to *fall* like an *Englishman*.

YOUR Majesty proceeds thus :

“ *To retain this new Implement of Scandal, how alter'd is the Tone on his Behalf? What Encomiums are there not vented? and how stuffed at present are the Papers with the Praises of Mr. BUDGELL, who but a few Months before, had been represented by the same Faction that now cry him up, as an Impostor and a Buffoon, and publickly set in as ridiculous a Light, as their Wit and Invention could place him?* How far his late Behaviour has made it evident he had then no Injustice done him, let those, best acquainted with it, determine.”

THERE is so little Difference between a *Tool* and an *Implement*, that I don't think your Majesty has much added in the first Sentence of *this Paragraph*, to the Favour you conferred upon me in the *preceding*. I confess, in the *next Sentence*, your Majesty tells me a Piece of News : I am so far from knowing that the publick Papers have been stuffed with my *Praises* and *Encomiums*, that I profess to your Majesty, I don't know that all the Papers together have said so much about me, as your Majesty has done in *this terrible Satire* which I am now endeavouring to answer, and which almost *fills* up a whole *Daily Courant*. Your Majesty surprizes me no less, on the other Hand, by acquainting me, that *I was represented but a few Months since as an Impostor and a Buffoon, by that very Faction who are now so loud in my Praises* ; but we shall see your Majesty *demonstrate* this Point so very *plainly* in your *next Paragraph*, that, I think, no Body for the future can entertain the least Doubt about it.

YOUR

YOUR Majesty is pleased to conclude the Paragraph I am now answering, with a most gracious Sentence; and has caused it to be all printed in the *Italick Character*, to distinguish it from *every other Part* of your Royal Epistle. The Sentence I mean is this : *How far his late Behaviour has made it evident he had then no Injustice done him, let those, best acquainted with it, determine.*

THIS is very *good and gracious* : I remember when your Majesty was King of *Lacedæmon*, you did not always let your Subjects *determine* as they thought fit; and the *Ephori*, the chief Magistrates in *Sparta*, happening to differ in Opinion from your Majesty, in order to end the Dispute, you *hired some Assassines*, and very fairly *cut their Throats*. To tell you the Truth, I never look'd upon this Prank to be one of the most glorious of your **A**ctions; and I am glad to find that you remember at present, you are writing to *Englishmen*, who, to let you into a Secret, will *take the Liberty* to determine as *common Sense* and *Reason* shall direct them, whether your *Spartan* Majesty will, or will not, allow them to do so.

YOUR

YOUR Majesty proceeds thus :

“ *But to make it plain, Mr. Budgell has*  
 “ *no Injury offered him here ; and at the*  
 “ *same Time let Mankind see what Notion*  
 “ *his present Confederates then had, how*  
 “ *chang’d soever it may be since, of his re-*  
 “ *ceiving and entertaining his Majesty in*  
 “ *his Way to New-Market, upon his own*  
 “ *Estate, as he pretended, which has of late*  
 “ *been so much talk’d of, I am under a Ne-*  
 “ *cessity of transcribing, which I shall do*  
 “ *with the utmost Exactness, a printed Let-*  
 “ *ter in Mift’s Journal, April 27, 1728.*  
 “ *which is as follows :*

Berkshire, April 25. after the 1st.

Arra, Sir,

“ **I** *Am, by my Shoul, after being out of*  
 “ *Patience to hear my Cousin Budg -- 1*  
 “ *talk in the Daily Post that comes out Yes-*  
 “ *terday of an Estate of his in Hertfordshire,*  
 “ *three Quarters of a Mile all a-long by the*  
 “ *Side of the Road, Faith, reaching from one*  
 “ *End*



“ *End to t’other now. - - - Now then, by*  
 “ *Chriest, I have in Berkshire as good an*  
 “ *Estate as Cousin B - - - I have in Hert-*  
 “ *fordshire, and it lying all in the Road, and*  
 “ *upon the Highway, Faith. - - - I had a*  
 “ *Person of great Quality with four Coaches*  
 “ *and six Horses all a-foot, with six Chair-*  
 “ *men all in a Coach, besides a great many*  
 “ *Foot-Soldiers on Horseback, all went*  
 “ *through my Estate for thirty Miles toge-*  
 “ *ther; and though some of them had all*  
 “ *eaten very heartily at Dinner, they con-*  
 “ *descended to eat nothing with me.*

Arra, I am, dear Sir, Yours,

MATT. LACKLAND.

IN order to make it very *plain*, that I  
 was represented as an *Impostor* and a *Buffoon*,  
 but a *few Months* since by a certain *Faction*,  
 as your Majesty is pleased to call them, you  
 have here transcrib’d, *with the utmost Exact-*  
*ness*, a Letter, which, according to your *own*  
*Account* of it, was printed in *Mist’s Jour-*  
*nal* above *two Years* ago. I confess, I be-  
 gin to think it an unpardonable Presumption

to dispute any longer with a Monarch, who so clearly *demonstrates* whatever he *asserts* : I could not reflect, that I had been often represented, either as an *Ape*, a *Coxcomb*, an *Impostor*, or a *Buffoon* ; nor could I readily comprehend how I had deserved all these *Civil Titles*, for having shewn a little Respect to my Prince, and provided a small Collation for him on that Spot of Ground where his Predecessors King *Charles II.* and the late King *William*, vouchsafed to refresh themselves in their Way to *New-Market* : However, upon what your Majesty was pleased to assert, I examin'd the *Publick Papers* in *April*, 1728. and in the *Craftsman*, the *Daily-Post*, and *Mist's Journal*, I find an Article, which gives an Account of the King of *Great-Britain's* going to *New-Market*, and mentions something relating to myself; I will lay this *Article* before my Readers : I must own I set down the *first Part* of it, to shew the unfeigned Joy of People of all Ranks at his present Majesty's *Accession to the Throne* : I may say, without the least Suspicion of Flattery, that never any Prince came to the Crown more generally beloved : The Satisfaction of the middling  
Sort

Sort of People, who had no *Views* at Court, no Hopes of either *Places* or *Pensions*, is hardly to be conceived: I was an *Eye-Witness* of what all our Publick Papers observed in 1728. *viz.* with what uncommon *Transports* and *Acclamations* the King was met in his Way to *New-Market*: I shall make no Scruple to add, That, if the Conduct of any Minister *since that Time* has deprived his Royal Master of any Part of the *Affections* of his *Subjects*, he has robb'd his Prince of a *Treasure*, for which all his own *Services*, though they were an hundred Times greater than they are, will never be able to make him Amends.

I CHUSE to transcribe the Article I have mentioned, out of the *Craftsman*, because I have heard, and do verily believe, that the Writers of that Paper are above *taking Bribes*, and never insert any *Account* in their News because they are *paid* for it. I know who the Gentleman was that both *wrote* and *sent up* the following *Account* from *Bishop-Stortford*: As it may, perhaps, be thought criminal at present, for any Man to speak of me a little kindly, I shall not presume to name him;

him; yet as he is in Possession of a good Fortune, and is entirely independent, I dare say he will not refuse to let me mention his Name, should any Accident make it *necessary*. I have already said why I insert the *first Part* of this Article; I beg Leave to add, that nothing should have made me quote the *latter Part*, but as it is a *direct* Answer to an Assertion in your Majesty's Epistle.

From the *Craftsman* of Saturday, April 27:  
1728.

*London, April 27.*

“ ON Tuesday Morning about Nine  
 “ o’Clock, his Majesty set out from *St.*  
 “ *James’s* for *New-Market*, attended in the  
 “ Coach by the Earl of *Scarborough* Master  
 “ of the Horse, the Earl of *Cholmondy* Gold-  
 “ Staff Officer, and the Lord *Clinton* Gentle-  
 “ man of the Bed-Chamber in Waiting, con-  
 “ ducted by a Party of the Fourth Troop of  
 “ Guards, which is to be relieved by a Par-  
 “ ty of the Lord *Cobham’s* Horse.

“ The King was met in all the Towns  
 “ and Villages, through which he passed in  
 C his



“ his Journey to *New-Market*, by vast Mul-  
“ titudes of People of all Ranks ; who testi-  
“ fy’d their Pleasure in seeing his Majesty,  
“ with Acclamations, Ringing of Bells, and  
“ all other Demonstrations of Joy, particu-  
“ larly at the following Place :

*Bishop-Stortford, in Hertfordshire, Apr. 23.*

“ This Day his Majesty pass’d by this  
“ Place ; and in order to avoid a long, nar-  
“ row hollow Way, drove for above three  
“ Quarters of a Mile over the Estate of  
“ *Eustace Budgell* Esq; who, we are inform-  
“ ed, was a near Relation to the late Mr. Se-  
“ cretary *Addison*, and had some Share with  
“ that *great* and *good* Man in composing  
“ those inimitable Pieces, called the SPEC-  
“ TATORS. Mr. *Budgell*’s Estate lies two  
“ Miles from us, and twenty-five from *New-*  
“ *Market* ; and as he is now in the Country,  
“ he had taken Care to have a large Tent  
“ pitch’d in one of his Fields, through which  
“ the King was to pass, with a very hand-  
“ some Cold Collation, ready on the Table ;  
“ and tho’ his Majesty had just din’d before,  
“ he was pleas’d to stop and take a Glass  
“ of

“ of Wine, as did also several of his Atten-  
 “ dants: A vast Number of People who as-  
 “ sembled together upon Mr. *Budgell's* Es-  
 “ tate on this Occasion, had Wine and Ale  
 “ given them, to drink the Health of his  
 “ Majesty, the Queen, and all the Royal Fa-  
 “ mily. The King and some of the Nobility,  
 “ flung Money amongst the Populace.”

I AM humbly of Opinion, it appears by the preceding Article, that I was not thought a *Tool*, an *Ape*, an *Impostor*, and a *Buffoon*, but a few Months since, by those Sort of People whom your Majesty is pleased to call a *Faction*. I find your Majesty's Definition of a *factionous Person*, is, a *Man who is not an humble and implicate Admirer of the Conduct and Abilities of your Majesty's Hero*. Now, according to *this* Definition, whether, upon a modest Computation, *forty-nine* out of *Fifty*, of the King of *Great-Britain's* Subjects, are not *factionous Persons*, is a Point that, if I had Leisure enough for it, might well deserve a particular Enquiry. It is very certain, that in *Mist's Journal* of *April 27*. that most ingenious *Letter* is inserted, which your Majesty assures

us you have transcribed *with the utmost Exactness*: It is not impossible but your Majesty, if you had thought proper, could also have acquainted the Publick *how it came there*. I must own, that notwithstanding that inimitable Vein of *Wit* and *Humour*, which runs through this whole Piece, I am afraid it might still have slept in Obscurity, and perhaps have been intirely lost to Posterity, had not your Majesty rendered it *immortal*, by transcribing it *with the utmost Exactness* into your own Writings. I am of Opinion, that your Majesty was chiefly induced to take so *much* Pains about this incomparable Piece, that it might remain as the *Standard* and *Pattern* of fine Writing in the *Epistolary Way*: Yet as we are to suppose this Letter was wrote by a *Gentleman of Ireland*, who often calls me *Cousin*, your Majesty might possibly think it likewise to be a *plain Demonstration* of the Truth of that Report, which has been spread with so much Industry, *viz.* that *I was a Native of that Kingdom*. If *Ireland* had really been my native Country, I should not have been at all ashamed to own it; having known several Gentlemen of that Kingdom (which deserves

*better* Usage than it has often met with) who had as much *Honour* and *Probity* as any *Englishman*; yet having already shewn how *false* the above-mentioned *Report* is, in my *Postscript* to the *sixth Edition* of my *Letter to the Craftsman*, I shall take no further Notice of it in this Place.

You go on in your Epistle thus:

“ *What a Jest is here made of the very*  
 “ *Circumstance Mr. BUDGELL seems to found*  
 “ *all his Pretensions on, and by the very*  
 “ *Persons he seems to have paid for pub-*  
 “ *lishing this his Merit to the World; but*  
 “ *in how different a Strain they at present*  
 “ *talk, the Town’s too-well acquainted to*  
 “ *want further Information. I would only*  
 “ *therefore just observe what is matter of*  
 “ *Merit with these People; Let a Man*  
 “ *be ever so great a Coxcomb, let him have*  
 “ *been grossly ridiculous, or made himself*  
 “ *justly the Subject of the most publick De-*  
 “ *riision, as in the Case above, yet let him*  
 “ *but once become the Instrument of Detrac-*  
 “ *tion, and attempt to defame the Admini-*  
 “ *stration, his Folly all vanishes; he’s no longer*



“ an Ape *with them*; they *unsay all they*  
“ *said before*; and from that Moment the  
“ *Man becomes a Patriot*; and is wise, and  
“ learned, and good, and great; is all  
“ Desert, and has every excellent Quality  
“ *that can adorn or accomplish him.*

A CERTAIN facetious Writer, \* giving an Account of the State of Affairs in the lower Regions, tells us, as I remember, that *Julius Cæsar* was become a *Ballad-Singer*; that *Alexander the Great* was turn'd *Corn-Cutter*; and that the famous *Semiramis* kept a *Brandy-Shop*. I shall not pretend to guess, what particular Employment your Majesty may have followed upon the Banks of *Styx*; but am heartily sorry to see, that your old *Spartan* Principles are so terribly debauched, and am afraid you have lately kept but indifferent Company. When you appeared upon the *British* Theatre, some Years since, under the Title of *the Spartan Hero*, † you endeavour'd to inspire your Auditors, with the most generous and noble Sentiments, with a Fortitude superior to all Adversity, with

[ C 2 ]

the

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\* Mr. Thomas Brown.

† A Play of Mr. Dryden's.

the most ardent *Love for their Country*, and the utmost *Contempt of Death* in a good Cause. In a Word, you then stood the Pattern of every Virtue that ought to adorn a *King*, and an *Hero*. Your *Veracity*, in particular, was so unblemished, and your *Word* held so *sacred*, that *Cleonidas*, speaking of what you had promised, cries out,

*Nay, if the King of Sparta says he'll do't,  
I ask no more than that ;  
For 'tis below a King to say what's false.*

After you have made such a Figure in the World, it is with no small Concern, I find my self oblig'd to tell your Majesty, that the very first Sentence of the last Paragraph, transcribed from your Letter, is a *down-right Falshood*. You are pleased to assert, that I seem to found *all my Pretensions* upon so pitiful a Foundation, as the having shewn my own Sovereign a little Mark of decent Respect, and prepared a small Refreshment for him, as he pass'd over my Estate. I am so far from founding *all my Pretensions* on this Circumstance, that I never pretended to found *any* upon it; nor should ever have thought

thought of so much as once *mentioning* of it, had I not been *obliged* to do so in answer to your Letter. No, Sir, if ever I should solicit the King of *Great Britain*, for a Post or a Pension, which *I never yet presumed to do*, I am humbly of Opinion, that your Majesty knows, I could found my *Pretensions* on a much more *solid Basis*, than either *this Circumstance*, or that *Poem*, which you are falsely pleased to imagine I am so very *fond* of. I pretend to no *Merit* on *either of these Accounts*: I have done but very little more than my *Duty*; and yet I must confess, on the other hand, I cannot possibly think, that my having shewn a little Respect to one of the best and greatest Princes, that ever sat on the *British* Throne, when Providence had brought him so near my poor Cottage; I say, I cannot possibly think, that This was so heinous a *Crime*, as to deserve my being call'd by your Majesty in Print, a *Coxcomb* of the first Magnitude; to be told in your *own Words*, that upon *this* very Account I have been *grossly ridiculous*, and made my self *justly* the *Subject of the publick Derision*. I am sorry, if I have offended your Majesty by so small a

Testimony of Respect for my *lawful Sovereign*; and yet I must confess, I know not how to repent of what I did. My King was far from shewing any Marks of Displeasure; and I expected *nothing* more than his gracious Acceptance. If any about him, conscious of the Manner in which they had used me, or out of a *pitiful Jealousy*, too shameful to be avowed, endeavoured to prevent him from doing me the *Justice* to believe me a *Loyal Subject*; The Action was exceedingly *poor* and *mean*, and I take this publick Opportunity to tell them so.

IN the latter End of the Paragraph I am answering, you are pleased to intimate, that some People declare I am *wise*, and *learned*, and *good*, and *great*; that I am *all Desert*, and have every *excellent Quality*, that can either *adorn* or *accomplish*. I profess, Sir, you tell me a *Piece of News*. I am very sensible, I am far from deserving such a Character; nor do I know any People that have conferred it upon me. If your Majesty does, I am sorry I must say, that I know not how to *Return the Compliment*: The Truth is, that I never yet heard any Person give your  
Majesty



Majesty the *same Character*. I shall therefore proceed to the next Paragraph in your Letter,

*“ It of Course comes in here, to mention a  
“ Pamphlet which has been one Consequence  
“ of the laudable Practisings of these wor-  
“ thy Gentlemen, upon their new Agent,  
“ subsequent to his Petition ; but finding  
“ the Town is this Day promised a full  
“ Reply to it from another Hand, I shall  
“ omit what I further designed, and do little  
“ more than just mention it. This motly  
“ Performance, like its Author, would be  
“ below all Notice, but to prevent the bad  
“ Uses which might otherwise be made  
“ of it : It abounds with Improbabilities,  
“ Falsehoods, and Indecency. The Author  
“ seems to make an ungentlemanly Disco-  
“ very of Private Conversation : He begins  
“ with the most fulsome Commendations of  
“ a Poem of his own ; and concludes like a  
“ Desperado, who regardless of what at-  
“ tends himself, is ready for the worst Mis-  
“ chief he can be put upon to others.”*

YOUR Majesty in this Paragraph, is pleased to fall upon a certain Pamphlet, intituled, a *Letter to the Craftsman*; which I thought my self *obliged* to publish, to shew the World how much I was abused by the *Misrepresentation* of undeniable *Matters of Fact*: Your short Account of this Pamphlet is, That it abounds with *Improbabilities, Falsehoods, and Indecency*: As a Model therefore for future Writers, I presume you are graciously pleased to publish your *own Letter*, which abounds with *Probabilities, Truth, and good Manners*. How much it abounds with *Truth*, your very next Sentence is a most *flagrant Instance*: Your Majesty very roundly affirms, that in my Pamphlet I seem to make an *ungentlemanly Discovery of private Conversation*. I presume, when you made this Assertion, you had the following Paragraph *full* in your *Eye*, in Page the 29th, of my *Letter to the Craftsman*, where speaking of Sir *R. W.* I say;

“ HAVING taken Notice, that I was once  
“ *well acquainted* with this *great Man*, I  
“ must endeavour to take from my self the  
least

“ least Imputation of the two most odious  
“ Crimes upon Earth; I mean *Ingratitude* and  
“ *Treachery*. Whoever can be guilty of  
“ *these*, may very possibly have a Soul  
“ *black* enough to be guilty of *any Thing*;  
“ and I should a little doubt, whether a  
“ Man, who had once been false to his  
“ *Friend*, could ever be *true* to his *King*, or  
“ his *Country*. I hope, I shall not be  
“ thought guilty of *Ingratitude*, since I can  
“ very truly affirm, that Sir *R. W.* has had  
“ some small Obligations to me; but if ever  
“ I received the least *Favour*, *Assistance*,  
“ or *Kindness*, of any sort from Sir *R. W.*  
“ it is certain I have never acknowledged it  
“ as I ought to have done; and I must confess  
“ that my Memory is extremely unfaithful.  
“ *Treachery* is the next Vice to *Ingratitude*;  
“ and I am therefore fully determined, what-  
“ ever I suffer, to do nothing contrary to  
“ the Rules of *Honour*. Sir *R. W.* is not  
“ in the least obliged to me for this Resolu-  
“ tion: I have taken it, not for *his* sake,  
“ but my *own*.”

How fully the *preceding Paragraph*  
proves your *Affertion*, viz. That I seem to  
W make

make an *ungentlemanly Discovery* of *private Conversation*, the Publick will judge: But if *this* Paragraph does not prove it, I do hereby defy your Majesty to produce a *single Line* more to your Purpose in my whole Pamphlet. At the same Time, I cannot help observing, that if a *Lex Talionis* is just, and some *Particulars* are true, of which I have been credibly informed, the Hero of your Majesty's Epistle has the least Right of any Man living, to insist upon a strict Observation of the Rules of Honour in this Point. You are pleased to observe next, that I begin my Pamphlet with the most fulsome Commendation of a Poem of my own. To which I answer, that those *Commendations* are not my *own*, but Mr. *Danver's*; and that it was *necessary* I should quote them, that the Readers might understand what follows. I must own, I am a little surpris'd at the *last Sentence* of the *Paragraph* I am answering; in which your Majesty is pleased to affirm, that *I conclude my Pamphlet like a Desperado, who, regardless of what attends himself, is ready for the worst Mischief he can be put upon to others.* This severe Reflection is made upon the following

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following Words at the End of my *Letter to the Craftsman*, viz. “ I do assure you, Mr. Danvers, *That did I but know how to lay down my Life for the real Service of my poor Country, you should soon see how little I would hesitate to part with it.*” Is this the Sentiment of a *Desperado*, ready for the worst Mischiefe he can be put upon? I declare, that *I should not hesitate to lay down my Life for the real Service of my Country*: And is *this* a Sentiment fit to be censured by a King of *Lacedæmon*! by a *Spartan Hero*! and by a Man educated under the Discipline of *Lycurgus*? The chief Aim of that Lawgiver, by all his Institutions, was to inculcate this *Maxim* in the Minds of the *Spartans*; *That their Lives were not their own, nor ought ever to be valued, when the Good of their Country demanded them.* \* Their very *Songs* all turn’d upon this Subject; and were either *Panegyricks* upon such Men as had died in the Defence of their County, or *Satires* upon those who made the least Scruple

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\* Mr. *Addison* had perhaps his Eye upon this *Maxim* of *Lycurgus*’s, when he made *Cato* tell his Son *Portius*;

*Thy Life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.*

ple to part with their *Lives* in so glorious a *Cause*. They declared the *former* to be *happy*, and a sort of *Demi Gods*; but described the *latter* as *Wretches*, and below the Condition of *Men*. We find accordingly this Principle so strongly rooted in the *Spartans*, that when their Army was overthrown at *Leuctra*, The Parents, and all the Relations of such as fell in the Field of Battle, appeared publickly rejoicing in the Market-Place, and openly visited and congratulated each other; While the Fathers of those young Fellows who survived, either hid themselves at home, as wholly ashamed of their Children; or if Necessity forced any of them abroad, they appeared with the utmost Dejection in their Countenances, nor durst lift up their Eyes to look upon their Acquaintance. I ought not to omit, that their King *Cleombratus* took care to be number'd among the Slain. Should I offer at giving an Account of all such *Men* among the *Spartans*, as plainly shew'd how little they valued their *own Safety*, whenever they imagin'd it stood in Competition with *the Good of their Country*, I should swell this *Letter* to a *Volume* in Folio: I shall therefore

therefore carry this Point much further, and venture to assure your Majesty, that if at the publick Tables \* in *Sparta*, your Majesty had

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\* *Lycurgus*, in order to banish *Luxury*, and to promote *instructive Conversation*, expressly forbid the *Spartan* Men to eat in Private at their own Houses : They eat together in publick Halls : About fifteen *Spartans* sat at every Table ; and no Man was admitted to any Table where he was not perfectly agreeable to all the Company. The *Spartan Boys* were also admitted to these publick Tables, as to so many Schools, where they were sure to learn *Wisdom* and *Temperance*. The *Spartan Table-talk* ran generally upon *Political Subjects*. Sometimes they indulged themselves in a *genteel Railery* : I may very properly call it a *genteel Railery*, because the Master of the Table always turned the Conversation, if it began to exceed the Bounds of *good Manners*. The Old Men, at these Meals, would put a great many Questions of this kind to the Youths and Boys ; *Who do you take to be a Man of the most Merit in all Sparta ? What do you think of such a Person, or such an Action ?* It was expected, that the Youths should give a *ready Answer*, and in *few Words*, to the Question which was ask'd them. By this means they learnt betimes, what was call'd, throughout all *Greece*, the *Laconic Style*, that is, a *Style* extreamly *short*, but *strong* and *nervous*, and which comprehended *much Matter* in *few Words*. As the Subjects of their Conversation often obliged them to be very particular in Mens Characters, whenever a Youth came among them, the eldest Person at the Table, pointing to the Hall-Door, always told him, *Young Man, nothing that is said at this Table, is to go out of that Door*. By this means a young *Spartan* was not only taught how TO SPEAK, but how TO HOLD HIS TONGUE ; and I believe it is the Opinion of very wise Men, that this *last Piece* of Learning is at least as necessary as the *first*. *Lycurgus*,  
for

had dared to call a Man a *Desperado*, or to tell him *he was ready for the worst of Mischief he could be put upon*; for no other Reason but his saying, that *he should not hesitate to part with his Life for the real Service of his Country*; I say, should your Majesty have dared to preach this Doctrine in *Sparta*, if the *Ephori* had not immediately drove you out of *Laconia*, the very *Women* and *Boys*, would have pull'd you from your Throne. To prove what I say, give me leave to put your Majesty in Mind of the Behaviour of the *Lacedemonian Ladies*, when your City was besieged by *Pyrrhus*.

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for the Reasons above mentioned, so strongly enjoin'd all his *Spartans* to eat in publick, that when their King *Agis*, at his Return from a glorious and successful Expedition, desired Leave to eat at home with his Queen, the *Ephori* not only refused to give him Leave *To eat at home*, but reprimanded and fined him, for presuming to make a Request so contrary to the *Spartan Discipline*. It may not be improper to observe here that the *Ephori*, who were *five* in Number, and chosen out of the People, had a Power superior to the King's: If they sent for him at any Time, he might refuse to obey both their *first* and *second* Summons; But upon the *third* Summons, he was obliged to attend them.



THE *Spartans*, on the Night before *Pyrrhus* was to make his Assault, had determined in Council to send all their Women over into *Crete*. When the Women were informed of this, they unanimously opposed the Design; and *Archidamia*, a Lady of one of the best Families in *Sparta*, entering the Senate, with a drawn Sword in her Hand, demanded of them, in the Name of her Country-women, *What could make them entertain so mean an Opinion either of their Wives, or their Daughters, as to imagine they were enough in love with Life, to endure to survive the Loss of Sparta?*

THE Senate were equally pleased and surprized with this smart Harangue: They immediately revoked their Order for sending away the Women, and then resolved to draw a Trench in a Line opposite to their Enemies Camp, and to sink Waggon in the Ground, at each end of it, as deep as the Naves of the Wheels, in order to obstruct the Passage of *Pyrrhus's* Elephants. They had no sooner begun this Work, than all the Women and Maids, came to them in a Body,  
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headed by Leaders of their own Sex. They intreated the young Fellows, who were to engage the next Day, to go home and repose themselves, that they might be fit for Action in the Morning; and then joining the elder sort of Men, they assisted them in making the Trench. They took upon themselves a full third Part of it, which they engaged to finish before it was Day; and working all Night, some with their Petty-coats tucked up, and others only in their Shifts, they performed what they had promised. The Trench was finished that Night, tho' *Phylarchus* assures us, it was six Cubits in Breadth, four in Depth, and eight hundred Foot long. As soon as Day appeared, *Pyrrhus*, with an Army of 20000 Foot, 2000 Horse, and 24 Elephants, came on to the Attack. Upon this, the *Spartan* Women arming the Youth with their own Hands, committed the Trench to their Charge. They conjured them to defend it to the last Extremity; and represented to them in the most lively Terms, how glorious it must be either to *conquer* in the View of their whole Country, or to *fall* as became *Spartans*, and to die in the Arms of their Wives,

Wives, and their Mothers. The *Lacedæmonians* thus encouraged, defended themselves with a Valour and Resolution scarce to be conceived. *Phyllius* and *Acrotatus*, (the latter fighting *for*, and *before* his Mistress *Chelidonis*) signalized themselves in such a Manner, as has justly rendered their Names immortal. In a Word, the Enemy were every where repulsed: The Fight only ended with the Day. But *Pyrhus* encouraged by a Dream, led on his *Macedonians* the next Morning to a second Assault: He himself in Person made his utmost Efforts, to force a Passage through the Shields of the *Spartans* ranged against him. He found this impracticable. At length, followed by a few *Macedonians* on Horseback, he made a Shift to pass the *Spartan* Trench, in that Part of it where the Waggon had been planted to stop his Elephants. He was now making in a full Career towards the City, \* when his Horse, shot with a *Cretan* Arrow, and flouncing as he dy'd, threw his Rider. The *Spartans* en-

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couraged

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\* The City of *Sparta* was not incompassed with any Wall, it being one of *Lycurgus's* Maxims, That the *Valour of its Inhabitants* was its best Defence.

couraged at the Sight of this Accident, ran boldly up, and fell upon the King and his Party with so much *Fury*, as obliged them to repass the Trench; and *Pyrrhus*, amazed at those prodigious Proofs of *Lacedæmonian* Courage, which he had been an Eye-Witness of for two Days together, founded a Retreat, and drew off his Army. The *Spartan* Women never stirred from the Field of Battle during these Engagements: They were constantly at hand to supply the Men with Arms; to give Bread and Wine to such as were fainting, and to take care of the Wounded. The *Græcians* in general thought the Loss of *Sparta* at this time inevitable; and *Pyrrhus*, the greatest General of his Age, imagined he was so sure of carrying his Point, that he would not suffer his Army to give the Assault the same Evening he arrived, for fear they should take the City by Storm, and plunder it in the Night. He knew very well there were but few Soldiers in it; that even these were unprovided, by reason of his unexpected Approach; and, lastly, that *Areus* their King, was not with them in Person, but gone into *Crete*. Thus, most mighty Monarch, was your City of *Sparta*

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preserved, which could never have been done, had not the Ladies, as well as the Men, been fonder of their *Country* than their *Lives*.

IF I was to produce Examples of *particular Women*, who have acted upon this Principle, I need go no farther for them than to your Majesty's *own Family and Relations*. If your Majesty had not taken a swinging Draught of \* *Lethe*, you could not possibly have forgot what to be sure your own Queen, the Widow of your Predecessor *Agis*, must often have told you, *viz.* That when the *Ephori* had put her Husband, and his Grand-Mother privately to Death, *Agessistrata* his Mother was told that she might, if she pleased, go into the Prison, and see her Son. As soon as she entered, she beheld her own Mother hanging by the Neck, and her Son dead upon the Ground. This Spectacle at first surprized her; but soon recollecting her Spirits, she took down her Mother's Body, and covered

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\* The *Greeks* fancied that *the Dead*, as soon as ever they had drank of the River *Lethe*, forgot every Thing that had pass'd in the upper World, while they were alive.



it in a decent Manner ; being then informed that she was also to die, she immediately rose up to meet her Destiny, and only uttered these few remarkable Words: *May the Gods grant, that all this may redound to the Good of Sparta.*

YOUR Majesty's own Mother gave such a Proof of her Love to her Country, as was very little inferior to the Behaviour of *Agessistrata*. *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt* had promised to assist you ; but demanded your Mother and Children for Hostages. Your Majesty was at that Time a very hopeful young Man, and a dutiful Son. You wanted the King of *Egypt*'s Assistance ; but did not well know how to mention his Proposal to your Mother. You were often going to acquaint her with it ; but when you were just about to speak, your Courage still failed you. Your Majesty in these Circumstances, looked a little awkwardly whenever you made a Visit. Your Mother at last, hearing what was the Matter, fell into a Fit of Laughter, and asked you, If that was all you had so often a Mind to tell her, when you was afraid to speak to her ? She immediately added ;

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*Prythee,*

*Prythee, send this Carcase wherever it may be most serviceable to Sparta, before Age makes it fit for nothing but a Grave. When your Majesty soon after seemed afraid to pursue your own Measures upon the Account of those Pledges you had sent to Ptolemy, she wrote a Letter to you, and laid her absolute Commands upon you, To do whatever was most for the good of Sparta, and not to fear an Egyptian Tyrant, for the sake of a Child and an Old Woman.*

The Mother of *Pausanias*, who obtained the famous Victory at *Platæa*, and took *Byzantium*, when she found that her Son, elated with his Successes, had endeavoured to alter the Constitution of *Sparta*, and to make himself an absolute Prince, was the first Person who brought a Stone to block up the Door of the Temple of *Minerva*, into which *Pausanias* had fled for Refuge, and where, by the Command of the *Ephori*, he was starved to Death. Neither is this Instance of her preferring her Country to her Son at all to be wondered at, since it was customary with the Women of *Sparta*, when their Sons were going to the Wars, to de-

liver them their Shield with these Words, ἢ τὰν ἢ ἐπὶ τὰς, *Either bring this back, or be brought upon it*; alluding to the Custom of the *Græcian* Soldiers, who usually brought off the Bodies of their Comrades who were slain upon their *Shields*; so that the Mothers Advice to their Sons, was *To lose their Lives, rather than their Shields and their Honour*. To shew they were in earnest when they gave this Advice, we are told, that a *Spartan* Lady, when she saw her Son flying from the Field of Battle without his Arms, flew him with her own Hand; and that this Action gave Occasion to the following Epigram:

Γυμνὸν ἰδῶσα Λάκαινα παλὶν ἔρπον ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 Παῖδ' ἐὼν ἐς πατέρα ὦκ' ἰέντα πόδα,  
 Ἀντίη αἰξάσα, δι' ἥπατος ἤλυσε λόγχην,  
 Ἀρρενα ρηξαμένη φθόγγον ἐπὶ κλαμένῳ,  
 Ἀλλότρεμον Σπάρτας (εἶπεν) γένε', ἔρρε ποθ' ἄδαν.  
 Ἐρρ', ἐπεὶ ἐφεύσω παλὶ δα καὶ γενέταν.

Which I shall translate for the Benefit of my *Fair Readers*.

*A Spartan Dame beheld her only Son,  
Disarm'd and naked from the Battle run ;  
Fir'd with the shameful Sight, she snatch'd a Dart,  
And lodg'd the fatal Weapon in his Heart ;  
Lie there, degenerate Boy, aloud she cries,  
Whose Flight thy Country and thy Birth belies.*

SO much for the WOMEN. I will shew your Majesty in the next Place, since I find you have forgot it, that the very Boys in *Sparta*, valued their *Honour* and their *Reputation* much more than their *Lives*. *Lycurgus* allowed them to *steal* ; he imagin'd that it quickened their *Wit*, and sharpened their *Invention*. If they brought off what they took without being discovered, they were applauded for their *Dexterity* ; but if they were caught in the *Fact*, they were whipp'd without *Mercy* ; not as a *Punishment* for their *intended Theft*, but for not *laying their Design better*. A Youth had one Day stolen a young *Fox* : He hid it under his *Coat*, and not being able to retire immediately without giving *Suspicion*, rather than suffer the *Fox* to be found upon him, he permitted the enraged Creature, to tear out



his Bowels with its Teeth and Claws, and fell dead upon the Place.

ANOTHER *Spartan* Youth was holding a Censer at a Sacrifice: A burning Coal happened to fall into his Sleeve: The Boy still held his Censer without flinching, and suffered his Arm to be scorched so long without once moving it, till the Scent of his burnt Flesh grew offensive to the Company.

PLUTARCH tells us, that he himself had seen several *Spartan* Boys scourged to Death before the Statue of \* *Diana*, without ever uttering a Sigh, or a Groan.

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\* The Feast of *Diana*, upon which this Ceremony was used of *Whipping the Youths*, was from thence called Διαμασίγιος, the *Flagellation*. This *Diana* was the *Diana Taurica*, whose Statue, *Orestes* and *Iphigenia* stole, and brought to *Lacedæmon*. While they were offering their first Sacrifices to this Deity, a Quarrel arose among the People; which ended in Blood. The *Spartans* hereupon consulted the Oracle, what was to be done to appease the Goddess? and received for Answer, *Let the Altar of the Goddess be sprinkled with Blood*. They therefore offered to her every Year, a Man chosen by Lot for that Service. *Lycurgus* abolished



I AM really ashamed, that I am obliged to put your Majesty in mind of all these Particulars, which you ought to know so much better

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lished this cruel Custom; but out of Respect to the Oracle, ordered, that the Altar of *Diana* should be sprinkled with the Blood of some Youths, who were to be whipped round it. A Priestess presided at this Sacrifice, and held a small Statue of the Goddess in her Hands during the Ceremony. If those whose Business it was to whip the Children spared any of them, out of a Regard to their Beauty or their Birth, the Priestess pretended the Statue of *Diana* grew so heavy, that she was unable to support it. I confess, I could not have believed, that these Youths had been ever whipp'd to Death, if so good and great a Man as *Plutarch* (who was *Trajan's* Tutor, and Consul of *Rome*) had not reported the Fact, and declared, that he himself had been an Eye-witness of it. If this Ceremony was pushed to such an Excess, it was evidently contrary to the Design of *Lycurgus*. As to the *Spartan* Generosity and Patience, it is certain they were so remarkable, that they became a Proverb throughout all *Greece*; and *Plutarch's* Account is strengthen'd by what *Cicero* tells us in his *Tusculan Questions*; *Pueri Spartiata non ingemiscunt verberum dolore laniati Adolescentium greges Lacedæmone vidimus ipsi incredibili contentione certantes pugnis, calcibus, unguibus, morsu denique, ut exanimarentur priusquam se victos faterentur.* Cic. From the *Spartans* incredible Passive Courage, in suffering all bodily Pains, *Horace*, in one of his Odes, gives the City of *Sparta* the Epithet of *Patient*: *Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon, &c.* And another Author, who introduces a Fellow, giving an Account of his having been beaten, makes him say with a good deal of Humour, *Tres plagas Spartanâ Nobilitate concoxi.*

better than my self: I shall, however, as I hinted before, charitably impute your Forgetfulness to your having taken a lusty Draught of the Waters of *Lethe*: Yet, what, in the Name of Wonder, could induce your Majesty to fall upon an *Englishman* in so barbarous a Way, only for saying that he loved his County in a proper Manner? If your Majesty was Flesh and Blood, I should shrewdly suspect that you had a Design upon *Great Britain*; and that you began your Project, by trying to banter its Natives out of those Notions, which alone could make them fight for their Country, whenever your Majesty thought fit to invade it. And yet, Sir, let me tell you, that should the old *English Spirit* revive among us, and our present King appear at our Head, we might happen to serve you as *Antigonus* did in the Plains of \* *Sellasia*.

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\* The Battle of *Sellasia*, in which *Cleomenes* was overthrown by *Antigonus*, determined the Fate of the former. *Antigonus* entered the City of *Sparta* immediately after this Battle, but out of Respect to the *Spartan Virtue*, altered nothing in their Constitution, and treated the Inhabitants with the utmost *Humanity* and *Generosity*.

IF your Majesty will but give your self the Trouble to look into our Histories, you will find how *Englishmen*, fired with the *Love of their Country*, behaved themselves at the Battles of *Agincourt* and *Cressy*. Some of our Countrymen are still living who fought at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; and how *Englishmen* have behaved even in *this Age*, your Majesty may learn from the following Lines.

*But see the haughty Household Troops advance !  
The Dread of Europe, and the Pride of France.  
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,  
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conquest glows ;  
Proudly he marches on, and void of Fear,  
Laughs at the shaking of the British Spear.  
Vain Insolence ! with native Freedom brave,  
The meanest Briton scorns the highest Slave ;  
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by Turns,  
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns ;  
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day ;  
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay :*

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*rosity. Cleomenes, whose Ambition occasioned the War, was obliged to fly into Egypt, and never more saw Greece.*

*A Thousand glorious Actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant Laurels, and immortal Fame,  
 Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lie,  
 And Troops of Heros undistinguish'd die.  
 O Dormer! how can I behold thy Fate,  
 And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate?  
 How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,  
 Fall in the Cloud of War, and lie unsung;  
 In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,  
 And fill'd with England's Glory, smiles in Death.*

This is part of a just Description of a Battle, fought but a few Years since, upon the Banks of the *Danube*, under the Conduct of an *English* General, who was as great a Master of the *Art of War*; and more constantly victorious than *Agefilans* himself, the most renowned of all your Majesty's Royal Predecessors.

THE Lines I have quoted are from an *English Patriot and Poet*: Your Majesty cannot but observe, There is no less *Spirit* in them, than in the *Verses* of your own immortal General, The great \**Tyrtæus*; of which

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\* The *Lacedæmonians* being engaged in a bloody and unsuccessful War with the *Messenians*, sent to implore the



which your Father used often to say ; That *The bare Recital of them was sufficient to make any Man rush fearless into the Battle, and despise all Dangers* : I believe

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the Assistance of the Oracle of *Apollo*. They were commanded, *To desire a General for their Army from the Athenians*. The *Athenians* sent them *Tyrtæus* the Poet. The *Spartans* were as unfortunate under the Command of this General as they had been before, and lost three Battles successively. They resolved in Despair to retire into *Sparta*, but *Tyrtæus* calling his Soldiers together, instead of speaking in Prose, like other Generals, made an Oration to them in Verse of his own Composing. His Oration began with a most lively Description of *True Valour*, and ended with a most pathetic Exhortation to them, either to *Conquer*, or *Die* in the Cause of their Country. The whole Army was so fired with the Poet's Composition, and had now so real a Contempt for Death, that they were only solicitous about being buried in a proper Manner ; a Point in which the Antients were extremely superstitious. After every Man therefore had fixed a Ticket upon his Right-Arm, which declared his own Name, and the Name of his Family, they marched boldly against their Enemies with a settled Resolution, either to *conquer*, or to *fall* all together in the Field of Battle. The *Messenians*, tho' they had Intelligence of the desperate Resolution the *Spartans* had taken, met them with great Bravery. The Fight was one of the most obstinate and bloody we have any Account of in History ; but at last the *Spartan* Courage (which the Verses of their General seemed to have made something more than human) obtained the Victory. *Reges Lacedæmoniorum ne contra fortunam pugnando, majora detrimenta civitati infligerent, reducere exercitum voluerunt ; ni intervenisset Tyrtæus, qui composita carmina exercitui pro concione recitavit ; in quibus hortamenta virtutis, damnorum solatia, belli consilia*

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lieve I may add, that our Country-Man's *Numbers* are at least as *harmonious* as any your Majesty can shew me in the Odes of *Spendon, Alcman, or Terpander.* \*

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*conscripterat. Itaque tantum ardorem militibus iniecit, ut non de salute, sed de sepulturâ, solliciti, tesseras, insculptis suis & patrum nominibus, dextro brachio deligarent; ut si omnes adversum prælium consumpsisset, & temporis spatium confusa corporum lineamenta essent, ex indicio titulorum tradi sepulturæ possent. Cum sic animatum reges exercitum viderent, curant rem hostibus nuntiari; Messeniis autem non timorem res, sed æmulationem mutuam dedit. Itaque tantis animis concursus est, ut raro unquam cruentius prælium fuerit. Ad postremum tamen victoria Lacedæmoniorum fuit. Just. Tyrtaeus is mentioned with the utmost Honour by a great many other Historians and Authors. Plato calls him, The most divine Poet, and speaks of him in the following Manner; Νόμων, ἡ περὶ νομοθεσίας. ὦ Τυρταῖε, ποιητὰ θεϊότατε. δοκεῖ γὰρ δὴ σοφὸς ἡμῖν εἶναι, καὶ ἀγαθός, ὅτι οὗτος μὲν ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ διαφέροντας, διαφερόντως ἐγκωμιάσας.*

Horace says of him,

*Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella  
Versibus exacuit.* —————

\* Three *Lacedæmonian* Poets. My Readers may observe here, that the *Spartans* had *Poets* among them; but then they took care to encourage none, but such as inspired People with *generous Sentiments*. A Poet coming to reside at *Lacedæmon*, who the *Spartans* were told had said something in one of his Pieces to this Effect, *viz.* That, *A Man had better take care of his Life, than lose it for the sake of his Country*, they immediately desired him to leave their City.

I COULD produce Instances which would convince your Majesty, that even in the Breasts of some of our *English* Ladies, the *Love of their Country* has been the reigning *Passion*.

THE *Widow* of that immortal *English* General last mentioned is still living: A few Years since her *Beauty* rendered her conspicuous. The Wife of your Friend \* *Panteus*, was never Mistress of a *finer Air*, or a *nobler Presence*. Time has at last robbed her

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\* The Wife of *Panteus* (who first mounted the Walls of *Megalopolis*, and afterwards fled with *Cleomenes* into *Egypt*) is said to have been a Woman of exquisite Beauty, and a most noble Presence. Her Friends kept her for some Time by Force in *Sparta*; but at last she found Means to escape from them, and get to her Husband, with whom she cheerfully endured all the *Hardships* and *Inconveniencies*, they met with in a *Foreign Country*. When *Cratesiclea*, the Mother of *Cleomenes* went to her Execution, this Lady supported her Train, and exhorted her (tho' there was no Occasion for it) to die as became a *Spartan Princess*. After she had shrowded the Corps of her Mistress, she submitted to her own Fate; but we are told, that she first adjusted her self in so Modest and Decent a Manner, that the Executioner had no Occasion to meddle with her Body, or even to throw a Veil over it after she was dead.

her Eyes of part of their Lustre; yet is she still gloriously distinguished among her Country-Women, and stands foremost in the Rank of Patriots. The most generous *Lacedæmonian* Dame never felt a more lively Grief when *Thebes* became the Mistress of *Greece*, than our *English* Heroine has been afflicted with, to see her Country no longer holding the *Ballance of Europe*, but insulted by those Nations, who sued for its Alliance in the Days of her illustrious Consort.

I KNOW not indeed how it happens, but I am told, that she is not one of the most *zealous Adorers* of the *Hero* of your Majesty's Epistle.

You may possibly infer from some preceding Paragraphs, that *Great Britain* does not at present make the same Figure in *Europe* which she formerly did; and, To confess the Truth, we have been treated of late after an odd sort of Manner, by a certain People called *Spaniards*: They have taken our Ships without any Ceremony, wherever they found them. They have besieged a Place, which they themselves had yielded to

us by a most solemn Treaty ; and which the World seemed then to think we had dearly purchased. They pretended to reckon with us, for having given a Check to their naval Power some Years since ; and People began to apprehend, that they had Thoughts of calling us to an Account, for having destroyed their *invincible Armada* in *Eighty eight*. We have, however, at last, *reduced* these haughty Gentlemen to make a Peace with us ; by which it is expressly agreed, that we shall have *full Satisfaction* for all the *Damages* we have sustained. Our *happy Merchants* have now nothing in the World to do, but to prove their Losses at *Madrid* before two or three *Spanish Commissioners*, and then to open their Hands and receive their Money : Some of them, indeed, have been so terribly provoked, and are Men of so much Spirit, that I have heard them declare, they had rather go to the *Spanish West-Indies*, and *pay themselves*. It is a little odd they should retain any Resentment against a Nation so ready to make them *full Amends* for all they have suffered, and who are at present become our most faithful *Friends*, and best-beloved *Allies* : But your Majesty knows

[ E ].

that



that *Losers* will take the Liberty to speak; and Mens *Passions* will sometimes run away with their *Discretion*. If your Majesty should ask me, How we came to sit down so long, and so *patiently* under such intolerable Usage? I must beg Leave to be excused from giving my own private Opinion upon so *delicate* a Subject: Besides, your Majesty seems to be *intimately* acquainted, with a certain *great Man*, who, most People think, can give the best Account of it. I shall only venture to say, That the *Prince*, who is at present seated on the *British* Throne, has given the most undeniable Proofs of his own *personal Courage* and *Bravery*; and does not seem to be of an Humour, to see either himself insulted, or his Subjects robbed and murdered. I hope also, that my Countrymen in general have not lost that *Spirit*, which rendered them so formidable to their Enemies, but a few Years since. To convince your Majesty, that we have not been wholly *insensible* of the Usage we have received, I will shew you, with how *just* and *noble* an *Indignation*, and in what *strong* and *moving* Notes the *British* Muses made their Complaints, while they apprehended  
their



their Country was losing all its former *Glory* and *Reputation*.

My first Quotation shall be from a Letter to the Lord *Cobham*, wrote by the late Mr. *Congreve*; in whose Person, the *Man of Sense*, and the *Man of Wit*, the *Gentleman* and the *Scholar*, were so happily mixed and blended, that each seem'd to give a peculiar *Grace* and *Beauty* to the other; and all together formed a *Man*, who was an *Honour to his Country*, and the *Delight* of all who knew him.

Say, Cobham, what amuses thy Retreat?  
 Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?  
 Dost thou recal to Mind with Joy or Grief,  
 Great Marlbro's Actions? That immortal Chief,  
 Whose slightest Trophy rais'd in each Campaign,  
 More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign?  
 Does thy Remembrance rising warm thy Heart  
 With Glory past, where thou thy self hadst part?  
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see  
 The fruitless End of all thy Victory?  
 To see th' Audacious Foe so late subdu'd,  
 Dispute those Terms, for which so long they su'd?

*As if Britannia now were sunk so low,  
 To beg that Peace she wanted to bestow ?  
 Be far that Guilt ! be never known that Shame !  
 That England shou'd retract her rightful Claim,  
 Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,  
 Stain with her Pen the Lustre of her Sword.*

IF your Majesty sees any Thing in these Lines, that gives you a Curiosity to know their Author, you may enquire for him in the most beautiful Part of the Elysian Fields ; where, in all Probability you will find him in Company with *Orpheus, Homer, Linus,* and *Addison*. I shall only observe, that he compos'd these Verses but a little before his *Death*, and that they are the last he ever wrote. They are a Demonstration, That the *Love of his Country* was one of the last *Passions* that left his *Breast* ; and that he was much more concerned to see *England insulted* by her *neighbouring States*, than at the Prospect of his own *Dissolution*.

My next Quotation shall be from a Poem, which is very properly entitled *BRITANNIA*. The Gentleman who wrote this Poem is still  
 living ;

living; and if his future Works have but the same *Spirit*, with those he has already published, he will doubtless be placed by Posterity in one of the first Ranks of our *English Poets*.

*As on the Sea-beat Shore Britannia sat,  
Of her degen'rate Sons the faded Fame,  
Deep in her anxious Heart, revolving sad;  
Bare was her throbbing Bosom to the Gale,  
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak Surge blew;  
Loose flow'd her Tresses; rent her azure Robe.  
Hung o'er the Deep from her Majestick Brow  
She tore the Laurel, and she tore the Bay;  
Nor ceas'd the copious Grief to bathe her Cheek;  
Nor ceas'd her Sobs to murmur to the Main.  
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd  
Her Dove-like Wings; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,  
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd Hands. While thus the  
Queen  
Of Nations spoke; and what she said the Muse  
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden Verse.*

*See, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares  
Infest the trading Flood. Full of vain War  
Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize;*

*As, trusting to false Peace, they fearless roam  
The World of Waters wild, made, by the Toil,  
And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine :  
Nor bursts my sleeping Thunder on their Head.  
Whence this unwonted Patience? this weak Doubt?  
This tame Beseeching of Rejected Peace?  
This meek Forbearance? this unactive Fear,  
To generous Britons never known before?  
And sail'd my Fleets for this, on Indian Tides  
To float, unactive, with the veering Winds?  
The Mockery of War! while hot Disease,  
And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning Crowds,  
For Action ardent; and amid the Deep,  
Inglorious, sunk them in a watry Grave.  
There now they lie beneath the rowling Flood,  
Far from their Friends, and Country unaveng'd;  
And back the weeping Warship comes again,  
Dispirited, and thin; her Sons asham'd  
Thus idly to review their Native Shore  
With not one Glory sparkling in their Eye,  
One Triumph on their Tongue. A Passenger,  
The violated Merchant comes along;  
That far-sought Wealth, for which the noxious Gale  
He drew, and sweat beneath Equator Suns,  
By lawless Force detain'd; a Force that soon  
Would melt away, and every Spoil resign,*



*Were once the British Lion heard to roar.  
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,  
In their own well-asserted Element,  
Dares rouse to Wrath the Masters of the Main?  
Who told him, that the big incumbent War  
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling Ports  
In smoaky Ruins? and his guilty Stores,  
Won by the Ravage of a butcher'd World,  
Yet unaton'd sunk in the swallow'd Deep?  
Or led the glittering Prize into the Thames?*

*And what, my thoughtless Sons, should fire you  
more,*

*Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep,  
The least beginning Injury receives?  
What better Cause can call your Lightning forth?  
Your Thunder wake? Your dearest Life demand?  
What better Cause, than when your Country sees  
The fly Destruction at her Vitals aim'd?  
For, Oh! it much imports you; 'tis your All,  
To keep your TRADE intire, intire the Force,  
And Honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch,  
Even with a Hand severe, and jealous Eye.  
In Intercourse be gentle, generous, just,  
By Wisdom polish'd, and of Manners fair;  
But on the Sea be terrible, untam'd,*

*Unconquerable still: Let none escape,  
 Who shall but aim to touch your Glory there.  
 Is there the Man into the Lion's Den  
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his Young away?  
 And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath  
 The slumbering Terrors of a British Fleet?  
 Then ardent rise! Oh, great in Vengeance rise!  
 O'erturn the Proud; teach Rapine to restore;  
 And as you ride sublimely round the World,  
 Make every Vessel stoop, make every State  
 At once their Welfare, and their Duty know.*

YOUR Majesty is not to wonder, that the Poet in the Lines last quoted, talks of the *Dominion of the Seas*, as properly belonging to the *British Nation*; and as an *Inheritance* left to us by the Valour of our Ancestors. When *Rawleigh* and *Blake* commanded our Fleets, the haughty *Spaniard* trembled at the Thunder of our Cannon, nor thought his Wealth sufficiently secured, even in the remotest Parts of his *Indies*. If we may believe an ancient Historian, either of the Heroes last mentioned was superior to your Majesty's Countryman, the famous *Lysander*. We are told, the *Spartan Admiral* owed his Reputation, rather to his  
good

good Fortune, than to his Conduct and Courage. *Lysander Lacedæmonius magnam reliquit sui famam, magis felicitate quam Virtute partam.* Nep.

I HAVE endeavoured to shew from several Examples, ancient and modern, some of which I have taken out of your own Family, that my expressing some *Love for my Country*, was not so heinous a *Crime*, as to deserve that your Majesty, upon *this only Account*, should tell the World *I am a Desperado, prepared to execute the worst Mischief* (or in other Words the *greatest Villanies*) *I can be put upon.*

I PROCEED to your next Paragraph, which runs thus :

“ But Mr. BUDGELL having wonderfully  
 “ piqued himself upon this extraordinary  
 “ Poem, allow me room for only one Remark  
 “ on that fine Compliment paid in it to the King,  
 “ which he and his Friends seem to look upon  
 “ as the Flower of the Whole ; and, he is  
 “ pleased to intimate, are Lines the greatest  
 “ Prince on Earth might approve, and ought

“ to reward: *Speaking of the Battle of Oudenard, he says ;*

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“ O Prince,  
 “ There wast thou seen too prodigal of Life,  
 “ And thy rash Valour, turn’d the doubtful Strife.

“ Upon which I wou’d only humbly enquire,  
 “ Whether, if what Mr. BUDGELL affirms  
 “ be Fact, that Victory was not owing to a  
 “ Vice : — The rest I leave to the ingenious  
 “ Mr. BUDGELL to supply.”

I COULD have wished your Majesty had condescended to have mentioned your *particular Reasons* for inferring that I do so wonderfully pique my self upon this extraordinary Poem. If I know any Thing at all of my self, I never yet piqu’d my self upon any Thing in Poetry ; or ever aimed at the Title of a Poet. I confess when I was very young, I did dabble a little in Poetry ; but I had not long amused my self in that pleasing Art, when I accidentally met with an *Italian Proverb*, which made so strong an *Impression* upon me, that I immediately burnt all the Verses I had wrote, and made a firm



firm Resolution never more to make *Poetry* my *chief Study*. The *Proverb* I have mentioned was to this Effect;

*The Man who can't make Two Verses is a Blockhead, and he that makes Four is a Fool.*

THE Meaning of this Saying I take to be this: That *Poetry* is the true and infallible Touchstone of human *Wit*; of which no Man must fancy he has an *extraordinary* Portion, if he does not find upon Tryal, that his *Genius* and *Invention* will make a tolerable Figure in *Poetry*: But at the same Time, no sensible prudent Man, would lay out all his Capacity upon an Art, which has something in it too apt to give the Mind a *Romantick* Turn, and a Way of thinking which is not adapted to the *common Occurrences* of Life; upon an Art, in which it is so very difficult to arrive at *Perfection*, and the chief Beauties of which are of so *delicate* and *sine* a Nature, that the Generality of Mankind can neither relish nor discern them.

WHAT-

WHATEVER your Majesty has been informed, I have hitherto troubled the World but with very few of my Verses. The first I ever printed were my *Epilogue to the Distress'd Mother*; which had such a Reception from the Indulgence of the Publick, as Nothing of the same kind ever met with before. I was, however, so far from *abusing* the *Good-nature* of the Town upon this Occasion, or listening to the Importunities of some Persons who profess'd themselves my Friends, that I resolv'd never more to write any Thing of that Nature. The unexpected Success I had met with, only served to make me double my Guards against a *Weakness* which I fancied my self naturally but too much inclined to. This little *Poem*, upon which your Majesty has thought proper to be so very *satyrical*, is I believe the *last* I shall ever write, even tho' Providence should add more Years to my Life than I either expect or desire. I was prompted to do what I did by a particular *Occasion*, and some particular *Circumstances*; yet since the *Poem* is *published*, since it was intended to celebrate the *Virtues* and *Accomplishments* of one of the

the

the *best* and *greatest* of Princes ; since I ventured to dedicate it to a *Queen*, who has an *Understanding* vastly superiour to the Generality of her Sex, and is in particular allowed to be a good Judge of *polite Learning* ; I must confess, that upon all *these Accounts*, I should be sorry to think there were any gross *Absurdities* in the Poem it self ; and I shall therefore take the Liberty, fairly to examine the Strength of your Majesty's Reflections upon it.

I SHALL very frankly own, that (as your Majesty observes) my Friends, and I do think, that my Compliment to the *King of Great Britain* is the best Part of my Poem ; and that my Fancy was a little fir'd by the Dignity of the Subject I was then upon. You say, that I intimate those are Lines which the greatest Prince on Earth might *approve*, and ought to *reward* ; whereas, in fact, I say nothing more in my Letter to Mr. *Danvers*, but that he and other People seemed to think there were some Lines in the Poem, with which the greatest Prince upon Earth could not reasonably be *displeased*. As to the Article of *Reward*,

ward, I do not intimate I ever expected any; and I do assure your Majesty, that I never proposed to get one Farthing of *Money* by Writing this Poem, nor any other *Reward*, but a *gracious Smile*, either from my *King* or my *Queen*. I confess, I am of Opinion, that I need not have despaired of obtaining the *only Reward* I aimed at, if a great deal of *Cunning* and *Malice* had not been made use of to prevent my receiving it.

It is certain, I have said in my Letter to the *Craftsman*, that I did not expect *such a Reward* for my Poem, as I was threatened with by *Name*, and in *Print*, by a *certain Querist*, a *Friend* of your Majesty's, who took so much Care to be as good as his Word in this Particular, that I should *now* do him the highest Injustice if I affirmed, *That he has broke every Promise he ever made me*. But 'tis more than Time to examine the Strength of your Criticism: Your Majesty is pleased to assert, that " Speaking of " the Battle of *Oudenard*, Mr. BUDGE. " says:



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O Prince,  
*There wast thou seen too prodigal of Life,  
And thy rash Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.*

I AM very forry I am obliged to tell your Majesty, that Mr. BUDGELL does not say what your Majesty affirms he does; or in other Words, that your Majesty has asserted a most flagrant Falshood. You are pleased in the above Quotation, for *Reasons* best known to *yourself*, to bring Words *together*, which are twelve Lines *distant* from each other in the Poem, and then to strike out a Word of *mine*, and to substitute in the Place of it a Word of your *own*; *viz.* the Particle *and*, which, I must confess, where your Majesty has *stuck* it in, looks like as silly a Conjunction Copulative as ever I saw in my Life; so that in quoting but *two Lines*, you have endeavour'd to impose *two Falsehoods* upon your Readers: And I must own, that with a few of these your Majesty's *Emen-dations*, I am convinced my Poem would fully answer the Character you are pleased to give of it in your next Paragraph, and might very justly be called a STUPID PIECE.

To

To shew my Readers what Mr. *Budgell* really *does say* of the Battle of *Oudenard*, and in what manner the *Transition* is made to that *Battle*, from a Description of the *Horse-Races* at *New-Market*, I beg leave to transcribe the whole Passage: Which is the more necessary, because I am in hopes my doing this, will not only shew that I have justly charged your Majesty with making a disingenuous Quotation, but that it will also be a *full Answer* to a *Criticism* of Mr. *R. M's*, upon this my Description of the Battle of *Oudenard*.

From Granta \* now, with the declining Day,  
To those fam'd Plains † our Monarch bends his Way;  
Where all his Strength the British Courser shews,  
Ambitious of the Prize Great George bestows.  
Lo! at the Barrier bow the fiery Steed,  
Champs on the Bit, impatient to be freed:  
His quivering Ears express his strong Desire,  
From his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire;  
With restless Feet he paws the trembling Plain,  
And struggling, oft attempts to start in vain.

At

\* Cambridge.

† New-Market.

*At length, the Signal giv'n, in just Array,  
Through gazing Crouds the Rivals take their Way :  
At their full Stretch they urge the rapid Flight,  
And in a Moment quit the straining Sight ;  
So long, so smooth their Strokes, and yet so fleet,  
Scarce bends the tender Turf beneath their Feet.  
Almost they prove that the swift-footed Kind  
Sprung, as old Bards \* have fabled, from the Wind.  
On this distinguish'd Day, the noble Breed,  
Seem'd to exert a more than usual Speed ;  
As if by Instinct each contending Horse,  
Knew that BRITANNIA'S King beheld the Course.*

*And yet, O Prince, with far superior Grace,  
Might the proud Species boast their gen'rous Race,  
Did they but know on Oudenarda's Plain,  
How greatly one illustrious Steed was slain ;  
Well pleas'd his Life in Battle to resign, [Thine.  
Pierc'd with the fatal Ball, which threaten'd  
On that important Day, well known to Fame,  
And made immortal by thy glorious Name ;*

[ F ]

When

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\* Solinus, Columella, and Varro, affirm, that the Mares in Lusitania were impregnated by the Wind.

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*Ille  
Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,  
Exceptantque leves auras : & saepe sine ullis  
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu !)  
Saxa per & Scopulos & depressas convalles  
Diffugiunt.*

*When, like a Tempest, in Europa's Right,  
Thy martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight.  
Where'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,  
Where'er the thickest of her Foes engag'd,  
There wast Thou seen, too prodigal of Life,  
While thy rash Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.  
The Gauls retreating, yet asham'd to see,  
The Fortune of the Day o'er-rul'd by thee,  
By Thee alone, a single youthful Hand,  
Boil'd with fresh Rage; and yet afraid to stand,  
Like the old Parthians fighting as they fled,  
Aim'd all the War at thy devoted Head.*

*Great Julius thus on Egypt's distant Coast,  
Surrounded by a whole embattled Host,  
Wag'd for a while a bloody desp'rate Fight,  
Yet he, inferior to thy daring Might,  
Declin'd at length the too-advent'rous Strife,  
When plunging in the Waves, he sav'd his Life.*

*Whilst thus in Showers, which darken all the Sky,  
The missive Deaths around thy Temples fly;  
Close-fighting by thy Side, in Arms renown'd,  
The valiant \* Luscky falls, and stains the Ground.*

*There*

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\* His present Majesty, who serv'd as a *Voluntier* at the Battle of *Oudenard*, charged Sword-in-hand at the Head of a Squadron of *Bulan's* Dragoons: His own Horse was shot under him, and Colonel *Luscky*, who commanded the Squadron, kill'd, as he was fighting bravely by him.



*There hadst thou too resign'd thy sacred Breath,  
Had not thy Horse receiv'd the Leaden Death;  
Sinking beneath thy manly Limbs the Steed,  
His Master safe, with Triumph seems to bleed;  
Whilst thou relying, all the future Day,  
On thine own Arm, thro' Squadrons mad'st thy Way;  
(Thy Hand uncumber'd with the useless Rein,)  
And fought'st a private Soldier on the Plain.*

MY Readers I presume must have observed, from the foregoing Lines, that I have justly charged your Majesty with making a very disingenuous Quotation. I shall now lay before them the *Criticism* of Mr. R. M.

I HAVE already observ'd in my *Introduction*, that this Gentleman is an humble Imitator of your Majesty's *Beauties*; and that his whole Pamphlet, as well as your Majesty's Epistle, is wrote in the Dialect used by those *Ladies* who have the Inspection of the *British Fishery*: He has perhaps likewise learnt from your Majesty, that Nothing is more likely to *cramp* a rising Genius, than meanly to confine it within the Bounds of *Truth*. After having sufficiently maul'd poor Mr. *Danvers*, for daring to assert there

was any one Thing *beautiful* or *masterly*, either in my *Dedication to the Queen*, or *any Part* of my *Poem*, he falls upon *that Part* of it which I have quoted in the following Words.

“ *But what Mr. Danvers was most of all*  
 “ *pleased with, was his incomparable Tran-*  
 “ *sition from New-Market to Oudenard. Let*  
 “ *us then accompany our Bard in this Flight ;*  
 “ *and when he terrifies us with this Battle,*  
 “ *what does he do? Why, like Mr. Bays,*  
 “ *nothing at all : I say it again, nothing at all ;*  
 “ *for he only compliments a Horse. His*  
 “ *Majesty it seems, was prodigal of Life ;*  
 “ *his Valour was rash, and all that : But,*  
 “ *Egad, the Horse was the Heroe of the*  
 “ *Poem.*”

As to *that Part* of Mr. R. M's Criticism, which he has *stolen* from your Majesty, viz. That I say, my Sovereign the King of *Great Britain* was *too prodigal of Life*, and that his *Valour* was *rash* ; I am in hopes, that what I shall say immediately to your Majesty, will at the same Time serve for an Answer to Mr. R. M. But as to the *other Part*

*Part* of his Criticism which is entirely his own, viz. That I have made an *Horse* the *Heroe* of my Poem; If he does not think the Lines I have quoted are a *full* Answer to it, I must intreat him to allow me to make that Use of his shewing me my *Faults*, that a wise Man ought to do, (viz.) Not to be guilty a *second Time* of an *Error* of the *same kind*. Mr. R. M. has fallen upon me so *unmercifully* for *complimenting a Horse*, that I dare take no farther Notice of what he says. I dare not give so *fair* an Handle to some future Critick, to censure me with a *like Severity*, for paying *too great a Compliment* to a *certain Animal*, which, though it very much *resembles*, yet is of an inferior Species to an *Horse*.

I ASK your Majesty's Pardon for making this short Excursion, that I might just take notice of Mr. R. M's *Criticism*; I shall now consider your Majesty's.

IN my Description of the Battle of *Oudenard*, where the King of *Great Britain* gave such undoubted Proofs of his *personal Courage*, I address myself to my Sovereign in the following Lines.

*On that important Day well known to Fame,  
And made immortal by thy glorious Name;  
When, like a Tempest, in Europa's Right,  
Thy martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight;  
Where'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,  
Where'er the thickest of her Foes engag'd,  
There wast Thou seen, too prodigal of Life,  
While thy rash Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.*

These are the Lines as they stand in my Poem :

“ Upon which (says your Majesty) I would  
“ only humbly enquire, Whether, if what  
“ Mr. BUDGELL affirms be fact, that Victory  
“ was not owing to a Vice. — The rest I  
“ leave to the ingenious Mr. BUDGELL to  
“ supply.” In Obedience to your Majesty's  
Commands I will therefore endeavour to supply the rest.

YOUR Majesty, it seems, is of Opinion, that for an Hero to venture his Life in a Battle more than in *strict Prudence* he ought to do, or in other Words, to shew a *rash Valour*, is a *Vice*: Your Majesty would from hence infer,



infer, that My having said, The King of *Great Britain* was *prodigal of Life*, and that his *Valour* was *rash*, is charging that Prince with a *Vice*, and writing a *Satire* upon him, instead of a *Panegyrick*.

I HOPE I have stated your Majesty's Criticism in its full Strength. I must confess, that in this Dress it even looks a little *specious*: But let us examine the *Force* of it; first, by the *Rules* and greatest *Examples* in *Poetry*; and afterwards, by *Nature* it self, and *Matters of Fact*: Because I must own, that I think no *Thought* or *Expression*, either *proper* or *beautiful*, which is not founded upon *Truth* and *Nature*.

HOMER'S very Definition of *Valour*, is, that *It is a divine Inspiration*; and that *some God gets Possession of the Man for the Time, and acts within him*. The same Poet declares in another Place, *That of all the Virtues, Fortitude, or Valour, was alone inspired with divine Salleys, and enthusiastick Transports*. *Plutarch* quotes this very *Passage* from *Homer*; and is so much pleased with it, that he declares immediately after-

wards, that *Homer* understood perfectly well the *Nature* and *Properties* of *Valour* or *personal Courage*. Agreeable to this Maxim of *Homer's*, we find the Heroes in all heroick Poems represented as rushing upon inevitable Death, and aiming at Things not only above their own Strength, but above the Power of any Mortal whatever: Notwithstanding this, they are so *hurried* on, and *precipitated* by that *Fervour of Spirits*, which seizes them in the *Heat* of a Battle, that some God is generally introduced, who, either by *Stratagem* or *Force*, is obliged to snatch them from that Death which would otherwise be the unavoidable Consequence of their *rash Valour*.

I COULD give a great Number of Instances of what I am saying out of *Homer*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, and *Tasso*; but because all these Poets, though they are certainly great Genius's, have been charged with some *heroick Rants*, I shall produce no Instance out of any of the Ancients, but *Virgil*, the most *correct Poet* that ever wrote, and who never suffer'd the *Heat of his Fancy* to get the better of his *Judgment*.

HIS

VIRGIL's Hero, *Æneas*, has been even ridiculed by Monsieur *St. Evremont*, and some other Criticks, for *want of Courage*, and for having too much *Prudence* and *Phlegm*; yet let us see how this very *Æneas* behaves, when his Enemies are in View, and his *Spirits* are *beated* in Battle.

THE first Time we have any Account of him in Arms, is upon that fatal Night when *Troy* was destroy'd: The *Greeks* had secured their Point, and the City was actually taken, while *Æneas* was yet asleep:

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris  
Incipit, & dono Divûm gratissima serpit.

In somnis ecce ante oculos mœstissimus Hector  
Vifus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus:

'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs  
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,  
When Hector's Ghost before my Sight appears,  
A bloody Skrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in Tears.\*

HIS

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\* That I may give such of my Readers as do not understand *Latin*, some little Notion of what *Virgil* says, I have

HIS deceased Friend *Hector* appears to him in his Sleep, to rouse him up; but is far from advising him to make any *Resistance*; the Case was too desperate for that: On the contrary, *Hector* tells him that *Resistance* was in *vain*; and therefore expressly orders him to *fly*, as the *only Way now* left to preserve *himself*, and the *Reliques of Troy*.

Heu! fuge, nate dea, teque his (ait) eripe flammis.  
 Hostis habet muros, ruit alto à culmine Troja:  
 Sat Patriæ Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextrâ  
 Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.  
 Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates:  
 Hos cape fatorum comites: —————

O

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have added *Dryden's Translation*, for want of a *better*: I must, however, in Justice to *Virgil*, let them know, that it is Mr. *Dryden*, and not *Virgil*, who says *Hector's Ghost seem'd to be a bloody Shrowd*. My Readers who understand the Original, will observe several *notorious Faults* in the Translation of the *four Lines* I have quoted out of *Virgil*. Those who read nothing but this Translation, may well think, that *The real Ghost of Hector* appear'd to *Aeneas* while he lay awake: But *Virgil* with a *noble Simplicity* makes *Aeneas* say, *In my Sleep Hector seem'd to stand by me, extreamly dejected, and weeping; Not a Word of a Ghost, or a bloody Shrowd.*



O Goddess-born ! escape, by timely Flight,  
The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.  
The Foes already have possess'd the Wall,  
Troy nods from high, and totters to her Fall.  
Enough is paid to Priam's Royal Name,  
More than enough to Duty and to Fame.  
If by a mortal Hand my Father's Throne  
Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone :  
Now Troy to thee commends her future State,  
And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate.

IN this Case, what does *Æneas* do ? He not only determines to *fight*, though he is told *All Resistance is to no Purpose*, but takes this Resolution in defiance of a Message sent him from the Gods by an Hero, who, when living, was both his *General* and his *Friend*. His *Courage* even gets the better of his *Piety* ; though the latter upon other Occasions is made the most *shining* and *distinguished* Part of his Character. The Enterprize he undertakes is indeed a *mad* one, and fully justifies what he himself says of it in *cool Blood*.

*Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis :  
Sed glomerare manum bello, & concurrere in arcem  
Cum sociis ardent animi: furor iraque mentem  
Præcipitant, pulchrumq; mori succurrit in Armis.*

*With Frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' Alarms,  
Resolv'd on Death, resolv'd to die in Arms.  
But first togather Friends, with them t'oppose,  
If Fortune favour'd, and repel the Foes,  
Spurr'd by my Courage, by my Country fir'd;  
With Sense of Honour, and Revenge inspir'd.\**

His

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\* Dryden in the Translation of the four Lines I have quoted, by venturing to say more than Virgil says, has in some manner contradicted himself. He represents *Æneas* in his second Line as *resolved on Death; Resolved to die in Arms*; and yet in the two next Lines, he is resolved to get his Friends about him, and with their Assistance, not only to Oppose, but, if Fortune favoured, to Repel the Grecians; which looks pretty much like his Hoping for Victory. But it is Mr. Dryden that says all this: Virgil says nothing like it. Dryden's two last Lines, viz.

*Spurr'd by my Courage, by my Country fir'd;  
With sense of Honour, and Revenge inspir'd.*

Express well enough what Virgil means by his

————— *Furor Iraque mentem*  
*Præcipitant*; —————

HIS Speech to his Companions, is not the Oration of a Leader who even hopes for any Success.

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Juvenes, fortissima frustra  
Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido est  
Certa sequi : quæ sit rebus fortuna, videtis.  
Excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis  
Dii, quibus imperium hoc steterat : succurritis urbi  
Incensæ : moriamur, & in media arma ruamus.

*Brave Souls, said I, but brave, alas ! in vain :  
Come, finish what our cruel Fates ordain,  
You see the desp'rate State of our Affairs ;  
And Heavens protecting Powers are deaf to Pray'rs.  
The passive Gods, behold the Greeks defile  
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil*

*Their*

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I am no Friend to *Literal Translations* : Yet I think a Translator ought to add nothing of his own, but what conduces either to *explain* or *strengthen* that *Idea* or *Impression* which the Author he translates is endeavouring to give his Readers. To do *this*, requires the utmost *Judgment*. Perhaps it is even necessary, that the *Translator* should have a *Genius* not much inferior to the Author he is translating.

*Their own Abodes : we, feeble Few, conspire  
To save a sinking Town involv'd in Fire.  
Then let us fall; but fall amidst our Foes :*

A LITTLE after he describes his fallying out with his brave Countrymen (whom your Majesty may possibly call *Desperadoes*) in these Words ;

————— Per tela, per hostes,  
Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem. ———

*So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,  
Resolv'd in Death the last Extreame to try.*

When at the Head of a few gallant Men, he had flung himself into the Midst of his victorious Enemies, and made a prodigious Slaughter of the *Græcians*, he might very justly make the following Exclamation :

Iliaci cineres ! & flamma extrema meorum,  
Testor, in occasu vestro, nec tela, nec ullas  
Vitavisse vices Danaûm; &, si fata fuissent  
Ut caderem, meruisse manu. ———



*Ye Trojan Flames ! your Testimony bear,  
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there :  
No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife,  
Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.*

HERE is the *very Expression* I have made made use of, and which your Majesty, and Mr. R. M. are so much offended at. — *Prodigal of Life* : — I borrowed it from *Dryden* ; and since 'tis not originally my own, I shall make no Scruple to affirm, that 'tis a *just, a beautiful, and a poetical Expression*. It represents in an *elegant and a true Manner* the Behaviour of *Æneas* in this Place.

I HUMBLY trust my whole Life has shewn, that I have a profound and sincere Respect for my legal Sovereign, and his illustrious Family : I hope I have a just Sense of his many *great and royal Virtues* : Notwithstanding all which, I cannot possibly be of Opinion, that it is any manner of *Disgrace* to him, to have his *Behaviour in Battle* represented to be *like* that of *Virgil's Hero*, the *Founder of the Roman Empire*, and the  
Prince

*Prince* whom *Augustus Cæsar* was infinitely pleased to be told he *resembled*.

ÆNEAS at last sees the Palace of *Priam* taken, and the King himself killed, while all his own Companions were either slain, or had left him.

Respicio, & quæ sit me circum copia, lustrò.  
 Deseruere omnes defessi, & corpora saltu  
 Ad terram misere, aut ignibus ægra dedere.

*I look'd about, but found my self alone :  
 Deserted at my Need, my Friends were gone ;  
 Some spent with Toil, some with Despair oppress'd,  
 Leap'd headlong from the Heights ; the Flames  
 consum'd the rest.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all this, he still pursues his *desperate Enterprize*, and is deaf to every Thing but *Fury* and *Resentment*. His Mother her self is at last obliged to descend from Heaven, to lay her absolute *Commands* upon him to desist, and to endeavour to preserve his *Father*, his *Wife*, and his *only Son* ; who she assures him are in the *utmost Danger*.

ONE would imagine This should be enough to cool the *rash Valour* of *Æneas*, and make a *single Man* no longer think of opposing himself against so many *Thousands* of his Enemies; and yet *Venus* is plainly apprehensive, that all her *Arguments*, back'd with her *maternal Authority*, would not be sufficient to make an *Hero* forbear attacking his Enemies, when he was once *beated* in Battle, and fighting to *revenge*, though not to save his *Country*. She therefore thinks her self obliged to let him *see* with his *own Eyes*, that he is not only contending with *Men*, but against *Fate*, and the *Gods*. This, and only this, in *Virgil's* Opinion, was sufficient to make his *Hero quit the Field*.

Talia jactabam, & furiatâ mente ferebar :  
 Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam  
 Obtulit, & purâ per noctem in luce refulsit  
 Alma parens, confessa Deam ; qualisque videri  
 Cœlicolis & quanta solet ; dextrâque prehensum  
 Continuit, roseoque hæc insuper addidit ore :  
 Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras ?  
 Quid furis ? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit ?

[ G ]

Non

Non prius aspicias, ubi fessum ætate parentem  
 Liqueris Anchisen? superet conjuxne Creusa,  
 Ascaniusque puer? quos omnes undique Graiæ  
 Circum errant acies: & ni mea cura restitat,  
 Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus & hauserit ensis.  
 Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacænæ,  
 Culpatufve Paris; verum inclementia Divûm  
 Has evertit opes, sternitque à culmine Trojam.  
 Aspice: namque omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
 Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum  
 Caligat, nubem eripiam: tu ne qua parentis  
 Jussa time, neu præceptis parere recusa.  
 Hic ubi disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis  
 Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum;  
 Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti  
 Fundamenta quatit, totamque à sedibus urbem  
 Eruit. Hic Juno Scæas sævissima portas  
 Prima tenet, sociumque furens à navibus agmen  
 Ferro accincta vocat. —————

Jam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas  
 Insedit, nimbo effulgens & Gorgone sæva.  
 Ipse Pater Danaïs animos viresque secundas  
 Sufficit: ipse Deos in Dardana fuscitat arma.  
*Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori.*  
 Nusquam abero, & tutum patrio te limine sistam.  
 Dixerat, & spissis noctis se condidit umbris.

Apparent



Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ  
Numina magna Deûm. —————

*Thus while I rave, a Gleam of pleasing Light  
Spread o'er the Place, and shining heav'nly bright,  
My Mother stood reveal'd before my Sight.  
Never so radiant did her Eyes appear;  
Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.  
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above  
She looks, and breathes her self into their Love.  
She held my Hand, the destin'd Blow to break:  
Then from her rosy Lips began to speak.  
My Son, from whence this Madness, this Neglect  
Of my Commands, and those whom I protect?  
Why this unmanly Rage? Recal to mind  
Whom you forsake, what Pledges leave behind:  
Look if your helpless Father yet survive;  
Or if Ascanius, or Creusa live.  
Around your House the greedy Græcians err;  
And these had perish'd in the nightly War,  
But for my Presence, and protecting Care.  
Not Helen's Face, nor Paris was in Fault;  
But by the Gods, was this Destruction brought.  
Now cast your Eyes around, while I dissolve  
The Mist and Films that mortal Eyes involve:*

*Purge from your Sight the Dross, and make you see  
The Shape of each avenging Deity.*

*Enlighten'd thus, my just Commands fulfil;  
Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.*

*Where you disorder'd heap of Ruin lies,  
Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of Dust arise,  
Amid that Smother Neptune holds his Place :*

*Below the Wall's Foundation drives his Mace,  
And heaves the Buildings from the solid Base.*

*Look where in Arms, imperial Juno stands,  
Full in the Scæan Gate, with loud Commands ;  
Urging on Shore the tardy Græcian Bands.*

*See Pallas, of her snaky Buckler proud,  
Bestrides the Tow'r refulgent through the Cloud.*

*See Jove new Courage to the Foe supplies,  
And Arms against the Town the partial Deities.*

*Haste hence, my Son ; this fruitless Labour end :  
Haste where your trembling Spouse, and Sire  
attend :*

*Haste ; and a Mother's Care your Passage shall  
befriend.*

*She said : And swiftly vanish'd from my Sight,  
Obscure in Clouds and gloomy Shades of Night.*

*I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful Sounds I hear;  
And the dire Forms of hostile Gods appear. \**

\* I shall take no Notice of the many *mean Expressions* in Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Passage; but it is impossible to read the *two last Lines* I have quoted from him, without remembering what our Countryman the incomparable *Hudibras* says of *Verses*.

*And one for Sense, and one for Rhyme;  
I think's sufficient at a Time.*

*Virgil*, with a noble Majesty, and in the *Present Tense*, shews the *Effect* of what the Deity had said, the *very Moment* she disappears: He suffers no *trifling Circumstances* to *intervene* and strike his Readers.

*Dixerat, & spissis noctis se condidit umbris.  
Apparent diræ facies, inimicæque Trojæ  
Numina magna Deûm.*

*She spoke, and vanished: The dreadful Scene opens; The Deities, Enemies to Troy, become visible.*

There is something in these Verses of *Virgil's*, which a little resembles that Passage in *Moses*, justly admired by *Longinus* and others. *And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light*: They likewise pretty well answer that Part of *Cæsar Vanini's* celebrated Definition of the Deity, where *Vanini* says, *His WILL is his POWER, and the exerting his POWER, doth not differ from his WILL*. After this Observation, how excessively *Mean* and *Childish* does the following *Verse* appear, with which Mr. *Dryden* has embellish'd his Translation, but of which there is not *one Word* to be found in *Virgil*.

*I look'd, I listen'd, dreadful Sounds I hear;*

I have

ÆNEAS thought fit to yield to the Gods ; yet even this is more than *Diomedes* does in *Homer*. That Hero, in the Heat of an Engagement, actually wounds two Deities, one of whom was *Mars* himself, the very God of War. I am sensible, that in quoting  
*Homer*

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I have often thought, that the World has been a great deal too kind to most of our *Translators*. The Ground they work upon is indeed most commonly so very rich, that 'tis impossible they should entirely deface the Beauty of it; but if some *Translations*, to which the Publick has been extreamly indulgent, were but brought near, and compared with their *Originals*, People would be amazed to see how many real Beauties the *Translator* has dropped, and what *Stuff* of his own he has substituted in their Place. Even those unhappy Readers, who do not understand the *Originals*, might soon be convinced how very faint a Notion has been given them from *Translations*, of the *Stile* and *Excellencies* of ancient Writers. But though my Indignation is a little raised, to see the Prince of Poets so shamefully murdered, I would not be thought to condemn Mr. *Dryden*, and his Works in general: Some of his Compositions are an Honour to our Language, and our Country. In his *Ode upon St. Cecilia's Day*, there is perhaps as much of the true Spirit of Poetry, and the Numbers are as artfully varied, as in any Piece that can be produced in any Language. *Virgil* was the most improper Author of all the ancient Poets that Mr. *Dryden* could have undertaken to translate. *Virgil* throughout the whole *Æneis* has great Majesty in his Expression; a wonderful Strength, Decency, and Correctness in his manner of Thinking, and is extreamly frugal of his Words; but Mr. *Dryden's* Excellency does not lye in any of these Particulars.



*Homer*, I should break the Promise I lately made, if *Virgil* had not thought even this Action, so far from being improbable in an Hero, heated in Battle, that he has made *Diomedes* himself mention it in the Eleventh *Æneid*.

Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur,  
Et focii amissi petierunt æthera pennis,  
Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum  
Supplicia!) & scopulos lacrymosis vocibus im-  
plent:

Hæc adeo ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt  
Tempore; cum ferro cœlestia corpora demens  
Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.

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*In the Sky*

*Transform'd to Birds, my lost Companions fly;*  
*Hov'ring about the Coasts they make their Moan,*  
*And cuff the Cliffs, \* with Pinions not their own.*

[ G 4 ]

*What*

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\* *And cuff the Cliffs, with Pinions not their own.*

I shall but just hint at the *mean Expression* of *cuffing the Cliffs*; though a little Critick would perhaps introduce a *boxing Match* between a *Cliff* and a *More-Hen*, and be strangely *Witty* upon this Occasion. The *Expression*,  
Pinions:

*What squalid Spectres, in the dead of Night,  
Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight!  
I might have promis'd to my self those Harms,  
Mad as I was, when I with mortal Arms,  
Presum'd against immortal Pow'rs to move;  
And violate with Wounds the Queen of Love.*

IN the Tenth *Æneid*, we find *Lausus* a meer Youth engaging with *Æneas*; who, though an Enemy, could not forbear crying out to him, not to attempt what was above his Strength.

————— Sic

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*Pinions not their own*, in the latter Part of this Verse, may be justified from several Instances out of the Classics; and is easily understood at first Sight, by those who are conversant in them: But I cannot omit this Occasion of saying, That I take *Perspicuity* to be one of the greatest *Beauties* in Writing. *Perspicuity* upon all delicate Subjects, is the surest Sign of a strong Judgment, and a clear Head. The chief End of Translations ought to be to let those Persons into the Meaning, Spirit, and Way of Thinking of the Ancients, who are not able to read them in the Languages they wrote. *Dryden*, though he took a boundless Liberty in Translating *Virgil*, yet in numberless Instances, has left the Meaning of that great Poet ten Times more obscured, than it is in the Original: But I have done with the ungrateful Business of finding Faults. I had much rather commend than censure; more especially the Writings of a Gentleman, who, as I have already observed, had a large Portion of the Spirit of Poetry, and has given undeniable Proofs, in several of his Plays and Poems, that he had a fine, and an happy Genius.

——— Sic obrutus undique telis  
 Æneas, nubem belli, dum detonet, omnem  
 Sustinet : & Lausum increpitat, Lausoque mi-  
 natur :

Quo, moriture, ruis? majoraque viribus audes?

*Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on every Side,  
 The Storm of Darts, undaunted did abide ;  
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly Threat-*  
*ning cry'd.* }

*Why wilt thou rush to Certain Death, and rage  
 In rash Attempts beyond thy tender Age?*

HIS Success is answerable to the *Rashness* of his Undertaking: *Lausus* is slain by *Æneas*; yet *Virgil* instead of *blaming* the young Hero for his *rash Attempt*, cannot forbear crying out, before he enters upon the Description of it,

Hic mortis duræ casum, tuaque optima facta,  
 Si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas,  
 Non equidem, nec te, juvenis memorande, filebo.

*And here, Heroick Youth, 'tis here I must  
 To thy immortal Memory be just ;*

*And*

*And sing an Act so Noble, and so new,  
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.*

This Exclamation of the Poet's is by much the more *remarkable*, as we find him bestowing his Encomiums, and speaking in his own Person but very rarely throughout the whole *Æneis*. There is but one other Place where he speaks in this Manner, which at present occurs to my Memory; and even there too he celebrates an Action which was *rash* with a Witness. It is where *Nisus*, *single* and *alone*, flings himself into the Midst of a whole *Troop* of *Rutilians*, to revenge the Death of his Friend *Euryalus*. The Event is answerable to the *Rashness* of the Attempt. It is true that *Nisus* had the Satisfaction to kill the Man by whom his Friend was murder'd; but then he is immediately afterwards slain himself.

At Nisus ruît in medios, solumque per omnes  
Volscentem petit, in solo Volscente moratur :  
Quem circum glomerati hostes hinc cominus at-  
que hinc  
Proturbant : instat non segnius, ac rotat enssem

Fulmi-



Fulmineum : donec Rutuli clamantis in ore  
 Condidit adverso, & moriens animam abstulit  
 hosti.

Tum super exanimem sese projecit amicum  
 Confossus, placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.  
*Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,*  
*Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo :*  
 Dum domus Æneæ Capitolî immobile saxum  
 Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

*Despair, and Rage, and Vengeance justly vow'd,*  
*Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile Crowd :*  
*Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends;*  
*Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding Friends,*  
*Onward he press'd : And kept him still in Sight,*  
*Then whirl'd aloft his Sword, with all his Might.*  
*Th'unerring Steel descended while he spoke;*  
*Pierc'd his wide Mouth, and thro' his Weazen*  
*broke :*

*Dying he slew; and stagg'ring on the Plain,*  
*With swimming Eyes he sought his Lover slain :*  
*Then quiet on his bleeding Bosom fell;*  
*Content in Death, to be reveng'd so well.*  
 O happy Friends! for if my Verse can give  
 Immortal Life, your Fame shall ever live :

*Fix'd*

*Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies ;  
And spread where'er the Roman Eagle flies !*

I shall produce one more Instance from the most *correct* of Poets, to justify what I have wrote.

WHILE *Æneas* was absent from his Army, and endeavouring to procure Assistance from *Evander*, *Turnus*, instigated by *Juno*, attacks the *Trojan* Camp. On this Occasion, *Ascanius*, though but a *Boy*, rushes into the Battle, and kills *Numanus*, one of the most forward and daring of all the *Rutilians*.

Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam  
Dicitur, ante feras solitus terrere fugaces,  
Ascanius : fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,  
Cui Remulo cognomen erat ; Turnique minorem  
Germanam nuper thalamo fociatus habebat.

*Then young Ascanius, who before this Day  
Was wout in Woods to shoot the savage Prey,  
First bent in Martial Strife the twanging Bow,  
And exercis'd against a human Foe.  
With this bereft Numanus of his Life,  
Who Turnus' younger Sister took to Wife.*

*Apollo*

*Apollo* observing the *Rashness* of the *Boy*, and the eminent *Dangers* to which he exposed himself, immediately descends from Heaven, and lays his absolute *Commands* upon him to retire out of the *Battle*.

——— Forma tum vertitur oris  
Antiquum in Buten. Hic Dardanio Anchisæ  
Armiger antè fuit, fidusque ad limina Custos :  
Tum Comitem Ascanio pater addidit. Ibat

*Apollo*

Omnia longævo similis, vocemque, coloremque ;  
Et crines albos, & sæva sonoribus arma :  
Atque his ardentem dictis affatur Iūlum :  
Sit satis, Æneide, telis impune Numanum  
Oppetiisse tuis : primam hanc tibi magnus *Apollo*  
Concedit laudem, & paribus non invidet armis.  
Cætera parce, puer, bello. Sic orsus *Apollo*,  
Mortales medio aspectus sermone reliquit,  
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.  
Agnovere Deum proceres divinaque tela  
Dardanidæ, pharetramque fugâ sensere sonantem  
Ergo avidum pugnæ, dictis ac numine Phœbi,  
Ascanium prohibeat. ———

*Old Butes' Form he took, Anchises' Squire,  
 Now left to rule Ascanius, by his Sire :  
 His wrinkled Visage, and his hoary Hairs,  
 His Mein, his Habit, and his Arms he wears ;  
 And thus salutes the Boy, too forward for his  
 Years :*

*Suffice it thee, thy Father's Worthy Son,  
 The warlike Prize thou hast already won :  
 The God of Archers gives thy Youth a Part  
 Of his own Praise ; nor envies equal Art.  
 Now tempt the War no more. He said, and flew  
 Obscure in Air, and vanish'd from their View.  
 The Trojans, by his Arms, their Patron know ;  
 And hear the Twanging of his Heav'nly Bow.  
 Then duteous Force they use ; and Phoebus' Name  
 To keep from Fights, the Youth too fond of Fame.*

It is evident from this Passage, that *Virgil* imagined he could no Way so well shew that *Ascanius* was a Son worthy of his great Father, as by ascribing to him that Rashness which seems to be the very Characteristick of an Hero. We see that even the Commands of *Apollo* were not sufficient to make him re-

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tire,



tire, but that the *Trojan* Generals were obliged to *force* him out of the Field.

My last Instance shall be from a *Modern Writer* (*viz.*) from the late Mr. *Addison*, all of whose Compositions, after he returned from his Travels, and was past thirty, are, perhaps, as *correct* and *judicious* as any Author's, except *Virgil's*.

Mr. ADDISON, in his Description of the Battle of *Schellenberg*, and in the Height of that Action, addresses himself to the *Hero* of his Poem, the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and nobly upbraids him with being too *rash*, and not taking a *sufficient Care* of that *Life* on which so much depended.

*Forbear, great Man, renown'd in Arms, forbear  
To brave the thickest Terrors of the War,  
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,  
Britannia's Safety, and the World's Repose;  
Let Nations, anxious for thy Life, abate  
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate.  
Thou liv'st not for thy self.*

ADDISON'S Campaign.

'Tis probable, that Mr. *Addison*, when he wrote these Lines, had *Lucan* in his Eye; who in his Description of the Battle of *Pharsalia*, calls out to *Brutus*, *not to rush upon the Swords of his Enemies; but to preserve his Life for the good of his Country.*

I COULD easily shew the *poetical Beauties* in the several Passages which I have quoted. I shall rather chuse to shew, that they have their Foundation in *Nature*, and are really agreeable to what has been the Behaviour of the greatest Heroes, and greatest Generals in a *Day of Battle.*

ALEXANDER's passing the *Granicus*, contrary to the Advice of *Parmenio*, with but thirteen Troops of Horse, while the Enemies were Masters of the other side of the River, and shower'd down an infinite Number of Darts upon him; is represented by some Authors, not only as a piece of *Rashness*, but even *Madness*: What made it the more *Rash* was, his being distinguished by his Buckler, and a large Plume of white Feathers on his Helmet. He was accordingly no sooner got

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over,

over, than he was attacked on all Sides ; and *Rhesaces* and *Spithridates*, two resolute Men, falling upon him at once, he had certainly been killed by the latter, if that gallant Commander had not been slain himself by the great *Clitus*, who ran him through the Body with his Spear, as he was aiming a Blow that must have been fatal to *Alexander*.

THE same Hero's encountering and killing a monstrous Lion one Day before a *Spartan* Ambassador, was an Action of the same kind : When the Combat was ended, the Ambassador could not help telling him, *Dominion, Sir, has been the Prize ; and you have bravely disputed it with a Lion ;* intimating, that as the Lion is the *King* of Beasts, there had been a sort of Contention between *two Monarchs* which should be the *Master*.

WHAT he did in *India*, at the Siege of a City of the *Mallians*, was still more extraordinary. *Alexander*, at the Assault of this City, was the very first Man that mounted the Walls, and the Scaling'-Ladder breaking under him, left him exposed with only two

of his Guards, to all the Darts and Fury of the *Barbarians*. In this Distress, instead of avoiding his Enemies, he leap'd down among them. The Brightness and Clattering of his Armour, added to his *Activity* and *Valour*, made them at first imagine him a Deity; but as soon as they discovered him to be a *Man*, the whole Garrison fell upon him: An Arrow piercing his Curiafs stuck in his Ribs, and the Stroke was so violent, that it made him fall on one Knee to the Ground. The *Barbarian* who had wounded him now drew his Scimiter to dispatch him, but was killed as soon as he came within the Reach of *Alexander's* Sword; who after this received so many other Wounds, that he was obliged to support his Body against the Wall. He still looked undauntedly upon his Enemies; but was now reduced to the last Extremity, when the *Macedonians* breaking into the City, took him up very opportunely, just as he was fainting away, and not sensible what they did with him. This prodigious Courage of *Alexander's*, infused such a Spirit into his whole Army, as made them patiently endure the most toilsome Marches: They declared, that *They look'd*  
upon



*upon themselves not only as invincible, but to be little less than immortal, while they followed such a Leader.*

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the Actions of *Alexander* of this Nature; upon one of which a *French* Author makes this fine Observation: *I am sensible* (says he) *that this Action of Alexander's will be called rash and imprudent; but Heroism will discover such Marks in it, as will force her to claim and acknowledge it for her own.*

PYRRHUS, (who in the Opinion of *Hannibal*, no ill Judge, was the *greatest General* the World had ever seen, next to *Alexander*,) as soon as the Battle was begun, usually rushed in among his Enemies, regardless of his own Safety. He acted thus when he engaged the *Romans* at the River *Siris*, and though the Richness of his Armour made him easily known: Nor could all the Dangers he so narrowly escaped, or the Persuasions of his Friends, make him alter his Conduct in any other Particular, than to lay aside that Armour which had made him so remarkable.

IN the Battle with the *Mamertines*, when a Wound had obliged him to retire, he no sooner heard that one of the *Barbarians*, of an uncommon Size, advanced before the Ranks, and called to him to appear if he was alive, than he returned to the Battle all over besmear'd with Blood, and, rushing upon the bold *Mamertine*, ended the Combat with a single Blow.

EVERY Body knows that *Cæsar* owed his Victory at *Munda* to his own personal Courage and Example. What he did at *Pharos* in *Egypt*, when his Troops were all embarked, and himself surrounded by his Enemies, would scarce be credited, if several Historians had not assured us of the Fact; and your Majesty may please to observe, that I refer to this Action of *Cæsar's* in my Poem.

SINCE I find your Majesty has lost your Memory, I will give you a very remarkable Instance of the *rash*, but *heroick Valour* of one of your own Countrymen, and of the *strict Justice* of your *Ephori*. When  
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the great *Epaminondas* assaulted your City of *Sparta*, and had like to have taken it, *Isadas*, a most comely and well-grown Youth, had been just anointing himself: Upon the Alarm, without staying to put on his Cloaths, he snatched up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, and breaking into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies, bore down all before him. What was very extraordinary is, that he received no Wound; which was attributed either to his being protected by some Deity, or to his Enemies believing him, from his uncommon Appearance, to have been something more than *Man*. The Gallantry of this Action was thought so great, that the *Ephori* decreed a *Garland* to *Isadas*; but as soon as they had passed this Decree, they set a Fine upon him of a Thousand Drachmas \* for his *Presumption* and *Rashness*, in going unarmed into the Battle. I hope I need not tell your Majesty, that there was not a young Fellow in *Sparta*, who would not gladly have paid *double* the Fine, to have had the *Credit* of the Action.

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\* About Thirty Pounds *English* Money.

LET us come a little nearer Home, and to our own Times.

EDWARD the third, King of *England*, when the Governor of *Calais* had sold that Place to the *French* (and was going to have delivered it up by Night to the Lord *Charny*) fought under the Walls of the Town in a *private Soldier's* Coat, and in Sir *Walter Manning's* Regiment. In this Disguise he engaged with the valiant Lord *Eustace* of *Rylemont*, who beat him down twice upon his Knees. The King, however at last got the better of his Antagonist, and took him Prisoner. His Troops were also victorious. *Edward* soon shewed that his *Generosity* was equal to his *Courage*, and how much he esteemed a brave Enemy: He ordered a splendid Entertainment to be provided for his Prisoners; and coming in amongst them very unexpectedly and to their great Surprise, told the Lord *Charny*, *That he was not much obliged to him for endeavouring to steal a Town from him by Night, which he had fairly won by Day.* He then addressed himself to the Lord *Eustace*, and, after



after having said a great many obliging Things to him, took a Chaplet of Pearls of great Value from his own Head, and placing it upon his Prisoner's, generously dismissed him without a Ransom.

HENRY the Fifth, another *English* King, (who your Majesty must know conquer'd *France*, and had his *Title* to that Kingdom solemnly acknowledged by the *Parliament* of *Paris*,) is said, in History, to have fought like a *private Soldier*, through an *Excess of Courage*, at the Battle of *Agincourt*, in which he killed several of the *French* with his own Hand, and was more than once in the utmost Danger of being slain himself.

CHARLES the Seventh, who reigned in *France*, (having recovered that Kingdom after our *Henry's* Death) was the first Man who entered the Breach, when the Town of *Ponthoife* was taken by Storm, *Choosing much rather* (as the *French* Historians observe) *to be thought RASH than* TIMEROUS.

RICHARD the Third, when at the Battle of *Bosworth*, instead of flying, as he might have done, he rushed into the Midst of his

victorious Enemies, is said, *To have gained more Honour in one Hour before his Death, than he had done in all his Life, till that Time.*

THE late King of *Sweden*, in our Days, was the first Man who entered the *Muscovite* Trenches at the Battle of *Narva*, and behaved in such a Manner on several other Occasions, that not only his own Men, but even his Enemies were for some Time firmly persuaded that he was *invulnerable*.

LASTLY, I am surpriz'd to hear your Majesty, of all the Heroes that ever breathed, so very severe upon *rash Valour*: If ever Man acted *rashly*, and even rivaled the *Heroes* in *Romance*, your Majesty most certainly did so in that Exploit at *Alexandria*,\* which cost  
you

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\* *Cleomenes*, after he was defeated by *Antigonus*, fled into *Egypt*, where he was kindly received by *Ptolemy*, who promised to assist him with Men and Money, that he might recover his Kingdom: But *Ptolemy* dying soon after, was succeeded by his Son, a weak effeminate Prince, who minded nothing but his Women and Pleasures, and was entirely governed by a worthless fellow, one *Cinannes*. *Cleomenes* saw that he could now expect no Good from the *Egyptian* Court; and fancying that he  
might

you your Life: For a Man to imagine, that at the Head of only twelve of his Friends, in a strange Country, he could rouse up a People in the Cause of *Liberty*, who had long been *Slaves*, and master the capital City of *Egypt*,

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might make some Advantage of the Confusions in which *Greece* was then involved, desired Leave to go thither with his own Friends. *Ptolemy* was so far from granting his Request, that by the Advice of his worthless Minister, he put him under a sort of Confinement. *Cleomenes* so highly resented this ungenerous Usage, that he enter'd into the most desperate Measures to be reveng'd upon *Ptolemy*. He took a Resolution to try if, with the Assistance of only twelve Friends, he could not persuade the *Egyptians* to depose their Tyrant, and recover their *Freedom*. To this End, he issued into the City of *Alexandria*, at the Head of his small Party, crying out, *Liberty, Liberty*. He killed the Governor of the City, with some other of *Ptolemy's* Officers; but soon found that the Word *Liberty* had not the same Charms in the Ears of a People accustomed to *Slavery*, that it had in *Greece*. The mean-spirited *Egyptians* durst neither join, nor oppose him; which when *Cleomenes* saw, he declared, That a Nation deserved to be *Slaves*, who would not embrace *Liberty* when it was offered to them; and despairing of Success among such a People, he and his twelve Friends all fell upon their own Swords. When *Ptolemy*, who was not in *Alexandria*, heard of this Adventure, with the mean Cruelty which is natural to a Tyrant, he order'd the Children and Mother of *Cleomenes*, with such *Spartan* Ladies as were with her, to be put to Death: But the *Egyptians* soon after reflecting upon the prodigious Courage *Cleomenes* had shewn, (and struck with an odd Accident,) ran in Processions to the Place where his Body was exposed, calling him an *Hero*, and *Son of the Gods*.

*Egypt*, was such an Instance of *Rashness*, (I had almost said of *Madness*,) as I believe can scarce be parallel'd in all History; and yet this very Exploit made your Enemies, the *Egyptians*, adore you as an Hero after your Death, and gave Occasion to our Countryman *Dryden* to close your Tragedy on the *English* Stage with the following Lines, which he puts in the Mouth of *Sosybius*, first Minister to young *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*;

*Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,  
Like the Procession of a Deity;  
Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be set,  
And we, like Slaves, lie grov'ling at his Feet;  
Whose Glories, growing till his latest Breath,  
Excell'd all others, and his own, in Death.*

I hope I have by this Time a little reconcil'd your Majesty to *Rash Valour*; and that you will please to observe, that almost every Instance of it, which I have given, is in the Person of a Commander in chief; whereas, when the King of *Great Britain* hazarded his sacred Life too much, he only serv'd as a *Volunteer*; which certainly render'd his

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Behaviour the more excusable; and I have taken care to *acquaint* those who read my Poem with *this Circumstance*. Your Majesty must likewise know, that there is hardly any Quality which more endears a Prince to the People of *England*, than *personal Courage*; and I have often thought that my Countrymen are not much in the Wrong. It is certain this Virtue is generally accompanied with great *Generosity* and *good Nature*: We seldom hear that a Man of *real* Courage, is guilty either of a *mean* or a *cruel Action*. Mr. *Dryden* in one of his Discourses before his Translation of *Virgil*, observes very prettily, that *Such Men as are not rather too full of Spirit when they are young, degenerate to Dullness in their Age*; that *Sobriety in our riper Years, is the Effect of a well-concocted Warmth*; but that *where the Principles are only Phlegm, nothing can be expected but an insipid Manhood*. He adds, RASHNESS is a NOBLE FAULT: *But Time and Experience will correct that Error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd Courage, which knows both to be cautious, and to dare, as Occasion offers*. After all I have said, I will allow your Majesty that *rash Valour* is a

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Fault;

*Fault*; but then I must add, that it is such a Fault as few but Heroes are guilty of, and which no one Hero was ever yet without. I will farther own to your Majesty, that when my Thoughts were employed upon the Battle at *Oudenard*, I could not without Concern see the King of *Great Britain* hazarding that Life too freely, which I hope Providence preserv'd, that it might prove a Blessing, not only to this Island, but to all *Europe*; and therefore with the Freedom of an *English Man*, I took the Liberty to caution my Prince against this same *rash Valour*; as your Majesty may see I have done in those Lines which immediately follow those I last quoted out of my Poem.

*Yet pardon, Mighty Chief, the faithful Muse,  
 If what she must admire, she can't excuse.  
 A Day will come, if I aright foresee,  
 When Europe's Eyes shall all be fix'd on thee;  
 When one decisive Triumph o'er thy Foes,  
 Shall give her Freedom, and the World Repose.  
 But on that glorious, that important Day,  
 When all the War shall stand in full Array;  
 When on each Side the sprightly Trumpets sound,  
 And the loud Cannons scatter Death around,*  
*The*

*The rapid Ardour of thy Breast compose,  
Nor like a Whirlwind plunge amidst thy Foes ;  
Then think on Oudenard's unequal Plain,  
Nor thus expose thy sacred Life again ;  
Suspend thy dreadful Sword, tho' lifted high,  
And on thy Presence, and thy Voice rely.*

HAVING endeavour'd to shew, that, though your Majesty was once a *great King*, you are at present dwindled into a very *pitiful Critick*; I proceed to the next Paragraph in your Letter, which runs thus:

*“ But I have dwelt too long on the stupid  
“ Piece ; 'tis time to sum this Matter up  
“ concisely. What would this Man, and  
“ his vain Adherents be at ? What more  
“ mean Artifice than the meanest they have  
“ yet practised, are they now coming into ?  
“ At the Beginning of the late Sessions of  
“ Parliament, it was a Design to destroy  
“ the Liberty of the Press ; at the End of  
“ it, an Act of Indemnity : These infamous  
“ Forgeries continued their Day ; but being  
“ now no more, Eustace Budgell Esq; is  
“ pitched upon to supply their Room, and  
“ furnish our fresh Calumny ; and did  
“ his*

“ *his Ability but equal the Inclination he*  
“ *has discover'd of discharging his Trust to*  
“ *the Satisfaction of his Employers, they*  
“ *would by this Choice have given us the*  
“ *best Testimony they ever produced of a*  
“ *good Judgment.*”

YOUR Majesty, in the Paragraph before this, having made that *judicious Criticism* which I have endeavoured to answer, proceeds in this Paragraph, with the Authority of an absolute Monarch, to pronounce my whole Poem a *stupid Piece*. I have already acquainted your Majesty, that if ever I had any Genius for Poetry, I have long since endeavoured to *stifle*, and not to *improve* it. I am very sensible, that there are many of my Fellow-Subjects who can write better Verses than my self; yet, since your Majesty is pleased to be so very severe on this same *stupid Piece* of mine, (which, by-the-by, is calling the Judgment of some other People in question,) I cannot help making your Majesty the following *fair Proposal*. The Poem I wrote, was upon the King of *Great Britain's* Journey to *Cambridge and New-Market*: I endeavoured in that Poem, to  
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give the Publick some Idea, of the many *great* and *royal Virtues* of my Lawful Sovereign; I dedicated it to my Queen, who is remarkable for her Conjugal Virtues, her *good Taste*, and her Love of Poetry, and whom I have endeavoured to represent as a Person worthy in every Respect to *share* the Throne with her Royal Consort. Now, if your Majesty, and all your *illustrious Family*, will but vouchsafe to lay your *wise Heads* together, and pay an handsomer Compliment than I have done, on the same Occasion, to the King and Queen of *Great Britain*, I do hereby promise your Majesty, that I will never more trouble the Publick with a single Line of my *Stupidity*, either in *Prose* or *Verse*. I hope, that since your Majesty is become an *Author*, you cannot think it beneath you to set about the Task I have proposed; but that you will vouchsafe to say something in Praise of the *King of Great Britain*, after having already condescended to write a Panegyrick upon one of his *Subjects*. I must take the Liberty to tell your Majesty, that though you sat upon the Throne of *Sparta*, neither the *Theme*, nor the *Employment* would be below you. When  
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your Majesty was in the Height of your Power, you never was able to accomplish your favourite Project of being declared the Captain-General of *Greece*; your Majesty was never compleatly Master of all *Peloponnesus*: *Aratus* was a continual Thorn in your Sides: You were repulsed from *Corinth*, and lost the Cities of *Argos* and *Megalopolis*, almost as soon as you had taken them. At last, the *Macedonians* gave you the *Coup de Grace*, put an end to your extravagant Ambition, and sent you packing into *Egypt*. The King of *Great Britain's* Civil-List, for the Maintainance of his Family, is I believe more than twenty Times as much as ever *Sparta* paid to her Prince: The Splendour of his Court is in Proportion; and would appear incredible to those who never saw any Thing better than the black Broth, coarse Cakes, and short Cloaks of the *Lacedæmonians*. My Legal Sovereign maintains a more numerous Army in Time of Peace, than your Majesty ever appeared at the Head of; and has at the same Time, a Fleet that makes him dreaded by the most distant Nations. He has Territories larger than all *Greece* in a certain Part of the

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World,

World, which your *Seven Wise Men* never heard of. Believe me therefore, Royal Sir, it will be no manner of Disgrace to you, to exert your happy Talent at Panegyrick on this great Prince. I shall wait for your Production with the utmost Impatience, and endeavour to correct the Errors in my own *stupid Piece*, by the more masterly Beauties of your Majesty's Composition.

YOUR Majesty becomes conscious, at last, that you *have dwelt too long on this stupid Piece*; and adds, *'tis time to sum this Matter up concisely*. I fancy your Majesty has just now recollected that you are a *Spartan*, and are resolved for the future to write in Character. I believe, indeed, that your Majesty's Letter, of which I have the Honour to be the Subject, is by much the longest *Laconick* Epistle of any Extant; and will doubtless be valued accordingly by Posterity. We are told, that when your Countryman *Lysander* had taken *Athens*, a City which had so often struggled with *Sparta* her self for the Dominion of *Greece*, he wrote nothing more to your *Ephori* than this, *Athens is taken*; and that he received the following Answer

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from

from those Magistrates in the same Laconick Stile, *You say Athens is taken: We are satisfied.* But this was in those Times, when your Successes were so frequent, that the Messenger, who brought you Word of your great Victory at *Mantineæ*, (so fully described by *Thucydides*,) had no other Reward for his Pains than a good Piece of Powdered Beef, which was sent home to his Lodgings.

YOUR Majesty at present, I find is not so very sparing of your Words as your Countrymen were formerly, but can argue a Case as learnedly, and as fully as any of the Moderns. Your Majesty is pleased in that Paragraph of your Letter, which I am now answering, to take Notice of some of those Reports which you are pleased to call *infamous Forgeries*, and which have been invented to blacken the Reputation of your Hero. *At the Beginning of the late Sessions of Parliament*, (says your Majesty) *it was — a Design to destroy the Liberty of the Press: At the End of it — an Act of Indemnity.*



I SHALL in the first Place consider the first of these Reports.

It is very certain that it has been reported, a Design was on foot to take away the Liberty of the Press, and even that some particular Persons had been tampered with to this End: But I do intirely agree with your Majesty, that it is impossible this Report could be any Thing more than an *infamous Forgery*. The *Liberty of the Press* is, in my humble Opinion, absolutely necessary to preserve the *Liberty of Great Britain*: And I will lay before your Majesty some Reasons, why I cannot believe that any *Englishman*, and more especially your Majesty's *Hero*, could possibly be so *wicked*, as to attempt to take away this *great* and most *essential* Part of the *British* Liberties.

I BEG leave to be pretty particular on this *Important Subject*.

I WILL consider what the *Liberty of the Press* really is; in what Manner it has been enjoyed, and made use of by every *free*  
[ I 2 ] *People*,

People, and particularly by the *Greeks* and *Romans*; what vast Advantages accrue from it; how little the Innocent need to apprehend it; and, lastly, I will give my particular Reasons, why I cannot believe that your Majesty's *Hero* has any Design to deprive *Great Britain* of this invaluable Branch of her Liberty.

I TAKE the *Liberty of the Press*, to be *A Liberty for every Man to communicate his Sentiments freely to the Publick, upon political or religious Points*: I am humbly of Opinion, that the Liberty of the Press is either *This, or Nothing*. I never yet heard, but that in those Countries where Men are the greatest *Slaves*, they might write as *much*, and in *what Manner* they pleased, upon any Subjects but *Religion* and *Politicks*. I dare say, a Man might publish his Thoughts with the *utmost Freedom*, either in *Turky* or *Denmark*, upon the *Nature of Butterflies*, or the *Virtues of the Loadstone*.

TIMOLEON is, beyond Dispute, one of the most illustrious Examples, among all the Ancients, of a *true Patriot*, and a Lover of *Liberty*:

*berty*: When his Brother *Timophanes*, whose Life he had generously preserved, by standing over his Body when he fell in a Battle, and sustaining alone for some Time the united Force of a Multitude of his Enemies; I say, when this very *Timophanes*, his beloved Brother, had destroyed the Constitution of *Corinth*, and made himself the Tyrant of his Country, *Timoleon* was the Chief of the *Conspirators* who slew him, though even while the Action was doing, Nature and his fraternal Love, forced a Shower of Tears from his manly Eyes. The same *Timoleon*, after having freed his own Country, with an incredible Felicity expelled those three powerful Tyrants *Dionysius*, *Hippo*, and *Mamercus*, and drove every other Tyrant out of *Sicily*. One would imagine that after these Actions, *Timoleon* must have been dear to the *Sicilians*; and in Effect he really was so. We are told, however, that one *Demanetus*, of *Syracuse*, out of meer Envy to that prodigious Reputation *Timoleon* had so justly acquired, took all Opportunities to disparage his Conduct, and even to talk publickly against him in the bitterest Terms. When *Timoleon* was informed of this Man's Behaviour, instead of

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taking Revenge, as he might easily have done, he declared in a Transport of Joy, That *The Gods had at last granted him the greatest Favour they could have conferred upon him; since it had been the constant Subject of his Prayers, That the Syracusians might enjoy so perfect a State of Liberty, that every Man among them might speak freely, and with Impunity, whatever he thought of another. Nunc demum se voti esse damnatum; namque hoc à diis immortalibus semper precatum, ut talem libertatem restituerent Syracusanis, in quâ cuivis liceret, de quo vellet impunè dicere.* These were Timoleon's Sentiments of *Liberty*; who was as great, and as successful an Assertor of it, as ever yet appeared in the World; and whose Notions of it, I believe, no Man of Sense will have the Assurance to dispute.

IN plain Terms, I do not see how any other *Restraint* can be put upon the *Press*, in a Nation that pretends to *Liberty*, but what is just sufficient to prevent Men from writing either *Blasphemy*, or *Treason*. I mean by *Treason*, any Thing that tends *directly* to call our Legal Sovereign's Right in question



tion, to the Crown of *Great Britain* ; or to incite his Subjects to an *open Rebellion*, or *secret Conspiracy* against his *most sacred Person*. As to the censuring the Conduct of any particular Man, (except his Majesty,) who fancies himself qualified for, and will take upon him the Administration of publick Affairs, this was thought so very *reasonable*, and even *necessary* among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, that they preserved *this Branch of Liberty*, even in those Times, when they had lost every other Part of it ; and I shall endeavour to make it appear, that their *Notion of Liberty*, was the same with *Timo-leon's*.

A BAD Minister in the *Athenian Commonwealth*, was sure to be mawled by the Wits and Poets, and to have the Mortification of seeing his *Name* made use of without the least Ceremony, and his *Vices* and *Blunders* exposed upon the Publick Stage: Nay, though a Man had done his Country the most important Service, his *Vices*, or *ill Actions* were not spared.

THEMISTOCLES had defeated the Fleet of *Xerxes* at the Battle of *Salamis*, and by his Conduct and Courage drove that Prince out of *Greece*; yet, when after these Successes he became Cruel, Insolent, and Rapacious, the Poet *Timocreon* (to whom he had been particularly ungrateful) fell upon him in those Lines which are still extant, and which are to this Effect; *It is impossible, that the dark Actions of the base Themistocles, can be agreeable to the Divine Latona: He has violated the sacred Rites of Hospitality, and for the sake of a sordid Gain, been guilty of the most scandalous Ingratitude towards his old Friend and Host Timocreon. For three Talents he recalls some Men from Banishment, murders others, and is become profligate enough to laugh at his own Villanies. With the Wealth which he has amassed together by these shameful Methods, he wallows in Luxury, and keeps an open House in the Isthmus; but is so hated and detested, that the very People who eat at his Table, beseech the Gods that he may not live another Year.*

IT had been happy for *Themistocles*, if these Lines of the Poet's had made him mend his Manners; but *Pride* and *Power* had so intirely turned his Brains, that the *Athenians*, who had loved and rewarded him for his *Conduct* and *Valour*, were obliged to banish him for his *Insolence* and *Avarice*. \*

THE *Athenian* Writers took the same Liberty with *Pericles*, even after he had subverted the Constitution of his Country, and possessed himself of the Supreme Power; neither durst that *Tyrant* offer to destroy this Branch of Liberty, though he had trampled upon every other Part of it. There is something so very *singular* in the Character of this Man, by whose *ill Conduct* the most celebrated Republick in *Greece* was ruined, that I cannot forbear giving

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\* His *Rapaciousness* is evident from hence: He was worth but *Three Talents* when he came into Publick Business; yet when he fled into *Persia*, though he carried most of his Wealth with him, the *Athenians* made a shift to lay their Hands upon *One Hundred Talents*, which they put into the Publick Treasury.

giving my Readers a particular Account of him; being of Opinion, that no Parts of History are so *curious* and *instructive*, as those which shew, by what *Means* and *Errors* the best Constitutions have been subverted and destroyed. After having given some Account of *Pericles* himself, I shall shew in what Manner he was treated, even in the Height of his Power, by the *Athenian* Writers, who scorned to let their Pens be enslaved, and preferred the *Good of their Country* to every other Consideration.

*PERICLES*, in his very Nature was envious, proud, cruel, avaritious, and impudent; his Eloquence, to which he chiefly trusted, was improv'd, if not learnt, under a *Woman*, viz. the famous *Aspasia*; and was, indeed, truly *Feminine*: It consisted chiefly in what the *French* call a *Flux de Bouche*, or a prodigious *Volubility* and *Flow of Words*; which being deliver'd in a specious and plausible Manner, his Speeches seldom failed of making an Impression upon his Audience; but were so far from having any real Strength or Solidity, that they would not bear *reading*. We are therefore not to wonder that  
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so good a Judge as *Quintilian* should declare, after having perused them, that they by no Means answered the Idea he had formed to himself of *Pericles*, who was so much talked of for an Orator: But whatever his Speeches might want of real *Strength* or *Argument*, was abundantly supplied by a never-failing and consummate *Assurance*.

THERE cannot be a better Description of his Way of managing a Debate, than the Account given of it to *Archidamus*, King of *Sparta*, by *Thucydides*, who was the greatest Statesman of his Age, and constantly opposed the Measures of *Pericles*. Your Majesty's Predecessor having demanded of this great Man, *Which was the better Wrestler, himself or Pericles*; *When I have flung him fairly*, (says *Thucydides*,) *he has always the consummate Assurance to maintain, that he had no Fall*; and by meer Dint of Impudence often perswades the whole Assembly to be of that Opinion. *Pericles* thus qualified, resolved to talk himself into Affairs, and to become the most powerful Man in *Athens*.

Two terrible Difficulties seem'd to oppose his Design: There was no Way of rising in the Commonwealth, but by perswading the People to have a great Opinion of his Capacity, either for *Military* or *Civil* Affairs. In these two Parts of the Government, two Men distinguished themselves, who we are assured were vastly superior to him in Abilities, *viz.* *Cimon* and *Thucydides*. I shall say something of each of them.

*CIMON* was the Son of that *Miltiades*, who was named by the Oracle at *Delphi* to command that Colony the *Athenians* planted in *Thrace*; and who afterwards, at the Head of ten thousand Men, defeated the numerous Army of *Darius* in the Plains of *Marathon*. When *Cimon* was a young Man, he was flung into Prison for a large Debt of his Father's, and lay there a considerable Time, till this Debt was discharged by a Moneyed Man, who married his Sister. After having recover'd his Liberty, he gave such Proofs of an uncommon Capacity, that the *Athenians* made him their General. His Successes would hardly be credited, if all Historians in effect

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had not given us the same Account of them. He defeated the *Thracians* at the River *Strymon*, built the City *Amphipolis*, and peopled it with a Colony of ten thousand *Athenians*: His Address and Affability render'd *Athens* the Mistress of all *Greece*. The *Grecian* Cities, flock'd at the haughty Carriage of *Pausanias*, King of *Sparta*, unanimously ranged themselves under the Standard of *Cimon*.

HE now turn'd his Arms against the *Persian* Empire, that constant and dreadful Enemy to *Greece*. After several great Actions, at last, with a Felicity which no General has yet equalled, he obtained on the same Day one most glorious Victory at Sea, and another at Land. We are expressly told, that the first of these was greater than the celebrated Victory of *Salamis*; and the last, than that of *Platea*. The King of *Persia*, commonly call'd the *Great King*, amazed at these prodigious Successes, was glad to make a Peace with *Cimon* upon any Conditions, and yielded the *Dominion of the Sea* so entirely to the *Athenians*, that he agreed none of his Gallies, or Men of War, should ever appear for the future



future between the *Cyænean* and the *Chelidonian* Islands.\* After *Cimon* had performed all these glorious Actions, after he had entirely subdued the *Thracians*, subjected all the *Chersonese* to the Commonwealth of *Athens*, and enriched the City with the Spoils of *Persia*, so great was his Generosity and good Nature, and so truly had his *own Afflictions* taught him to *pity* the *Unfortunate*, that he pull'd down all the Inclosures of his Gardens and Grounds, that Travellers might gather his Fruits freely, and at Discretion. At Home he kept an *open Table*; to which he constantly invited such of his Fellow-Citizens as he saw in the Forum. He always went abroad with a Train of Servants handsomely dressed, who followed him with a considerable Sum of Money. There was no such Thing in the Streets of *Athens* as a Beggar; but if *Cimon* saw any of his Fellow-Citizens who look'd dejected, seem'd to be pinched in his Circumstances, and was but indifferently dressed, he immediately sent one of

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\* Consequently, by this Treaty, he could neither enter the *Ægean* Sea by the *Euxine*, nor the *Mediterranean* by the Seas of *Pamphylia* or *Syria*; so that the *Athenians* had a vast and safe *Trade* secured to them.



of his Retinue to give him Money privately, and to change Cloaths with him. In a Word, his whole Interest and his Estate were always at the Service of *Merit* in *Distress*; and many an *Athenian* had his Fortune made easy by the sole Generosity of this god-like Man. Most of the Particulars I have mention'd, and some others, are comprised in the following Account of him: *Cimonem Athenienses non solum in Bello, sed in pace diu desideraverunt; fuit enim tantâ liberalitate quum compluribus locis prædia hortosque haberet, ut nunquam eis Custodem posuerit fructûs servandi gratiâ, ne quis impediretur quo minus ejus rebus quibus vellet frueretur. Semper eum pedissequi cum nummis sunt secuti, ut siquis opis ejus indigeret, haberet quod statim daret, ne differendo videretur negare. Sæpe quum aliquem offensum fortuna videret minùs bene vestitum, suum amiculum dedit. Quotidie sic cœna ei coquebatur, ut quos invocatos vidisset in foro omnes devocaret: Quod facere nullam diem prætermittebat. Nulli fides ejus, nulli opera, nulli res familiaris defuit: Multos locupletavit: Complures pauperes mortuos, qui unde efferrentur non reliquissent, suo sumptu extulit. Nep.*

SUCH

SUCH was the Character of the generous *Cimon*, who marched at the Head of the *Athenian* Armies much farther than any General had led them before; and upon whose Death it was truly said, That *the Fortune of Greece perished with him*.

THUCYDIDES was either the Father-in-Law, or \* Son-in-Law of *Cimon*: He chose to ally himself by Marriage to this General, that he might be the better enabled to oppose *Pericles*, whose Designs he plainly saw tended to alter the Laws of *Solon*, subvert the *Athenian* Constitution, and destroy the Commonwealth, that he might from the Ruins of it enrich *himself and his Family*. *Thucydides* was a Man of great Learning, Courage, and Integrity, and is generally allow'd to have been the most able Statesman in his Time. *Plutarch* himself, who is commonly a little partial to the Person whose Life he is writing, is however forced to allow in his Life of *Pericles*, that *Thucydides* was a much better Politician.

THESE

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\* The Greek Word κηδεσῆς signifies both *Gener* and *Socer*; and the Criticks are divided in their Opinions.

THESE were the two Men, whom, in order to get all the *Power* and *Revenues* of the Commonwealth into his own Hands, it was absolutely necessary *Pericles* should ruin.

HE had neither a *Soul*, nor a *Fortune*, large enough to rival *Cimon* in acts of *Generosity* and *Good-nature*: He therefore preferred a Bill to divide all the publick Lands, and the Money in the Treasury, among the common People. By this *Trick*, he corrupted the *Athenians* with their own Money, made them purchase their own Chains, and got a Party strong enough to abolish the Power of the *Areopagites*, and to banish *Cimon*.

HE pretended he had discovered a *Plot*; that a *Party* at *Athens* was in the *Lacedæmonian* Interest; and that *Cimon* was the Chief of this *Party*.

HAVING, by the Help of this most false and wicked Calumny, got rid of *Cimon*, he grew jealous of the most considerable and able Men among his own Friends; and therefore (according to *Idomeneus*) with the

most horrid Barbarity and Ingratitude, he caused the Orator *Ephialtes*, who had been of infinite Service to him, to be *privately assassinated*.

THE *Lacedæmonian* Army now falling into *Tanagra*, *Pericles* was obliged to march against them: When the two Armies were ready to engage, the banished *Cimon*, still zealous for the Glory of *Athens*, came armed, and ranged himself as a private Soldier, among those of his own Tribe. The mean Jealousy of *Pericles* could not endure this Sight; he thought himself sure of the Victory, and could not bear to think *Cimon* should have any Share in the Glory of it. He therefore obliged him to retire. The generous *Cimon* was more troubled at being prevented from fighting for his Country, than at his being banished out of it. He left the Army with Tears in his Eyes; but before he went away, conjured his Friends to behave in such a Manner, that all the World might be convinced how *unjustly* they were accused of favouring the *Lacedæmonians*. The Battle join'd; The *Athenians* were defeated: *Pericles* with a good Number of his Friends,  
got



got safe to *Athens* : But the Friends of *Cimon*, being an Hundred in Number, and placing a Suit of Armour of that General's in the midst of their little Battalion, that the Sight of it might make them remember his Advice, fought with so desperate a Courage, that every Man of them was slain upon the Field of Battle. The *Athenians* were now, too late, sensible how unjustly they had distrusted their gallant Countrymen, and that *Pericles* had only divided them into *Parties*, that he might himself play the Tyrant with the more Security.

THE *Athenians* after this Battle were obliged to sue for a Peace, which the *Spartans* granted ; and gave *Pericles* Leisure to sacrifice the most valuable Man that was still left at *Athens* to his *Envy* and *Jealousy*. He banished *Thucydides* ; and now, as he was no longer afraid of the Man, who in all Assemblies of the People, had constantly opposed him, he threw off the Mask of *Popularity*, gave way to his *natural Pride* and *Insolence*, and assumed an unprecedented Power over the Commonwealth.

A NEW Quarrel arising between *Sparta* and *Athens*, the *Lacedæmonians* sent an Army into *Attica*, under the Command of their King *Plistonax*. *Pericles*, who had already been beaten by the *Spartans*, durst not engage them a second Time. He resolved to try if he could not carry his Point by *Corruption* as well in the *Field*, as he had often done at *Athens*.

THE King of *Sparta* was very young, and suffered himself to be wholly governed by one *Cleandridas* his Favourite. *Pericles* having bribed this Man, the King of *Sparta* was perswaded to withdraw his Army out of the *Athenian* Territories. The *Lacedæmonians* were not used to see their Armies return home without fighting; they immediately deposed \* and banished their King. They proceeded to no farther Extremities  
against

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\* It was usual with the *Spartans* to fine, to depose, and sometimes even to put their Kings to Death: I cannot but prefer our own Constitution in this Particular, by which the Persons of our Kings are declared Sacred, and their Ministers alone are made accountable for what is done to the Prejudice of the Publick.

against their King in Consideration of his Youth; but his corrupt Minister *Cleandridas* was put to Death.

THEY now sent out another Army under the Command of *Archidamus*, whom they had chosen for their King. *Pericles* could not corrupt this Prince, who had no favourite Minister. All he could get from him was a *dishonourable Truce*, and to obtain this Favour, he was forced to submit to the *scandalous Terms* of giving up several of the *Athenian Territories* to their Enemies, the *Lacedæmonians*.

PERICLES sometime after this, upon laying his Accounts before the *Athenians* of the publick Money, which all passed through his Hands, put down in every Year an Article to this Effect: *For a certain necessary Affair Ten Talents*. By his Creatures and Dependants, he perswaded the People to *pass* this *Article* in his *Account*, without enquiring into the *Meaning* of it; and, perhaps, this is the first Instance to be found in History of *Secret-service Money*.

MANY People think that he put this Sum into his own Pocket : *Theophrastus*, and other Authors say, that he privately sent it every Year to some of the chief Men at *Sparta*, and by this Means prevented the *Lacedæmonians* from declaring War against the *Athenians*. If this be true, he was guilty of a Piece of Baseness, which his Countrymen must have highly resented, if they had but known it; since in fact, this was nothing less than rendering *Athens* tributary to *Sparta*. All he got by it, was to defer a War for a few Years, which at length fell much heavier upon the *Athenians*, than it could have done at *this Time*.

DURING the *Truce* with *Sparta*, the whole Revenue of the Commonwealth ran through the Hands of *Pericles*. To shew the People he did *something* with it, he set about several publick Buildings, which were rather *Ornaments* to the *City*, than really *Necessary*. He squandered away a prodigious Sum upon these Buildings, and upon *Statues* and *Paintings* to adorn them. The *Athenians* in general were highly displeased



pleased at this Proceeding. Their Murmurs grew so loud at last, that *Pericles* found it necessary to call an *Assembly of the People*, and give them some Satisfaction. He asked them, If they thought he had laid out too much Money upon the *publick Buildings*? The *People* unanimously answered, *A great deal too much.* Very well, says *Pericles*, *I will therefore be at the Expence of all these Buildings: But then, Gentlemen, You must allow me to clap my own Name upon them, and to dedicate them my self.*

THE *Athenians* in general were extremely fond of fine Buildings. These were truly *beautiful*; for *Pericles* had employed the most celebrated Workmen in all *Greece*. His sudden and unexpected Proposal piqued the *Pride* of the *Athenian* People. This Passion ran away with their *Discretion*: They cried out to him to finish the Buildings at the Expence of the Publick; and *Pericles* took care to *take them at their Word*. This *Stratagem* has been much admired by some ancient Authors, and the *Magnanimity* both of *Pericles* and the *Athenians*, has been highly commended. With

Submission, I think this most impudent Proposal was a plain Demonstration of what immense Sums he had robbed the Publick; and I am surprized, that so discerning a People as the *Athenians* did not take it in *this Light*. It is certain that *Pericles* was not one of the *richest* Men in *Athens*, when he came into publick Business: And it may be proved from History, that these Buildings had already cost almost *Four Thousand Talents*, a *prodigious Sum*, especially in those Days.

PERICLES having obtained his Truce from the *Lacedæmonians*, undertook that notable Expedition against *Samos*, upon which he ever afterwards so much valued himself. The Cause of his declaring War against the *Samians*, was the most *scandalous* that can be imagined. He fell upon that unhappy People purely at the Request of *Aspasia*. This Woman, who was a *Milesian*, had a good deal of *Wit*, joined to a most consummate *Assurance*, and so *fluent a Way of Talking*, that even *Socrates* himself, and some of the wisest Men in *Athens*, were now and then well enough pleased to hear her *prate*. She got her living by having constantly a  
Parcel

Parcel of young Wenches about her, and keeping the most notorious Brothel in all the City. We may see by the last of *Theophrastus's Characters*, that this Trade was no less *scandalous* among the *Athenians*, than it is at present with us.

PERICLES had kept company with *Aspasia* for some Years, and was thought, as I have already observed, to have *learnt* his *Eloquence* from her. At last, to please her, he put away his *own Wife*, a Lady of *Merit* and *Virtue*, and in the Sight of all *Athens* married this *profligate Strumpet*. The *Samians* were at War with the *Milesians*, for the Mastery of *Priene*, when *Aspasia* obliged *Pericles* to fall upon the *Samians*, in favour of her Countrymen. He put himself at the Head of the *Athenian* Army upon this shameful Expedition. The *Samians* made a brave Defence for some Time; but being already weakened by the *Milesians*, and unable to resist the most powerful Republick in all *Greece*, their City was at last taken. *Duris*, who was himself a *Samian*, and whom *Cicero* commends for a diligent Historian, says, that *Pericles* used  
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the unhappy *Samians* with the utmost Inhumanity; that he ordered great Numbers of them to be fastened to Planks; where, after they had languished for Ten Days together, he commanded them to be slain, and their dead Bodies to be flung out unburied into the Fields and Streets. This last Circumstance was reckoned among the *Greeks* to be the utmost Degree of Cruelty.

UPON his Return to *Athens* from this notable Expedition, he publicly boasted, (if we may believe *Ion*,) that he was a *better General* than *Agamemnon*, because, forsooth, he had taken *Samos* in less than *Ten Years*. He got the *Athenian* Ladies to crown him publicly with Garlands, as they used to crown those Champions, who won the Prizes at the Olympick Games. At this Ceremony, *Elpinice*, Sister of the generous *Cimon*, whom we have already mentioned, had the Courage to mortify his *ridiculous Vanity*: Stepping up to him with a Garland in her Hand, as if she had been going to place it on his Head, *Pericles*, says she, *these notable Exploits of yours do most certainly deserve all our Chaplets: You have*  
*spilt*



*spilt the Blood of the Athenians, not like my Brother Cimon, in a War against the Persians and Phœnicians (our old Enemies and Barbarians) but to ruin a Grecian City, our ancient Ally, and descended from us. This Reproach was too just to admit of a solid Answer. Pericles made her no other Reply, than by repeating a Verse out of Archilocus, the Sense of which is,*

*You should not dress and paint at these Years.*

THIS was the most *brutish* and *unmannerly* Thing he could have said to a Lady, who but a few Years before had been thought one of the finest Women in all *Greece*, and was the most celebrated *Toast* in *Athens*: It was almost calling her in direct Terms an *old Woman*.

THE *Ruin of Samos* was not the only Thing in which *Pericles* shewed how little he valued the *Lives* of his *Fellow-Citizens*, in Comparison of the Interest of his Family, or his own mean Jealousy and private Revenge: He preferred a Bill, and persuaded the People of *Athens* to pass it into a Law,  
that

that none should be esteemed true Citizens, but such whose Parents were *both* of them *Athenians*. By Virtue of this Law, about *five thousand* innocent Persons, at once, not only lost the *Freedom* of the City, but were sold for *Slaves*; a Punishment more severe than *Death* itself. The only Design of *Pericles*, in getting this Law passed, was to satisfy his *Jealousy* by the Ruin of that great General *Cimon*, and his Family. *Cimon's* Mother was the Daughter of *Olorus*, King of *Thrace*; and he himself had married a Lady of *Clitorium*, by whom he had two Sons.

*PERICLES* had several Sons by his own Wife, an *Athenian* Lady, when he got this Law passed; but Providence having some Time after deprived him of those Children, he brought in a Bill, and perswaded the People to repeal that Law which he himself had been the Author of, (and by which so many innocent Persons had suffered,) for no other Reason, but that he might inroll a bastard Son, by his own Name, in the Register of *Athenian* Citizens.

It hath already been observed, how after the Banishment of *Thucydides*, *Pericles* had subverted the *Athenian* Constitution; the Prætorial Power, which before was *annual*, he now exercised *constantly* and *alone*, and had brought it to that Height, that it was without Bounds. To avoid a War with the *Lacedæmonians*, he had given up Part of the *Athenian* Territories, and seen his Country long insulted in the most dishonourable Manner. At last, purely for his own Interest he engaged his Country in a War with as little Judgment as he had before prevented their resenting the Injuries they receiv'd. All the publick Revenues had passed through his Hands for a considerable Time; and he had increas'd the Taxes to at least one third more than *Aristides the Just* had settled them at. The People at last resolved to make him give an Account what he had done with so great a Sum of publick Money. Perhaps, though no History says so, they now began to reflect upon the modest Offer he had made them, to lay down about four thousand Talents, at once, out of what he called his *own Money*. It was impossible for him to give a *fair* and  
*honest*

*honest* Account how he had expended those prodigious Sums he had received; and yet he found it absolutely necessary to lay *something* in the *Shape* of an Account before the People.

WHILE he was under this Perplexity, *Alcibiades*, who was his near *Relation*, and to whom he was *Guardian*, came one Day to his House; but was told by his Servant, *That he could not possibly see his Master, who was busy in making up his Accounts to lay before the People.* Hark you, Friend, (says this Urchin, who seemed born to do Mischiefs,) *tell your Master from me, that I am sorry to hear he is no better employed; he ought to be contriving how to give in no Accounts at all.* The Servant did as he was ordered, and delivered this graceless Message to his Master. A wicked Mind is always susceptible of wicked Advice; and *Socrates* used to say, that *Ill Counsel was very soon at its Journey's End.* *Pericles* immediately took the Hint his hopeful Pupil had given him: He threw aside his Papers, and resolved to find out some other *Business* for the *Athenians*, than to *look over his Accounts.* In a Word, he determined to

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fling every Thing into Confusion, and rather ruin his Country, than suffer himself to be called to an Account for all the publick Money he had embezzled.

THE Method which first occurred to him, was, to light up a bloody and dangerous War against the *Lacedæmonians*; those very People whom he had formerly feared to encounter, from whom he had bought a *dishonourable Truce* and whose Armies, to the Scandal of the *Athenian* State, he had tamely suffered to over-run *Attica*.

THE *Lacedæmonians* at this Time were not in a Disposition to *quarrel*. Their King *Archidamus* did all in his Power to prevent a Rupture, and sent Three Ambassadors to *Athens* to this Purpose; but *Pericles*, who determined to set Fire to the War, to prevent an *Impeachment* against himself, was now the only *Athenian* who would not hear of *Peace*. Thus was the *Peloponnesian* War kindled, which ended in the Taking of *Athens*, the Destruction of their Commonwealth, and subjected that miserable People

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to the Power of *thirty Tyrants*, who were placed over them; and by whom the *divine Socrates* was put to Death, for enveighing against their *Cruelty* and *Oppression*.

WHEN this War first broke out, the *Athenians* soon became sensible how necessary it is even for *States*, as well as *private Persons*, to preserve their *Reputation*. The many Insults they had tamely suffered of late Years from the *Lacedæmonians*, had quite effaced the Memory of their *Victories* under the Conduct of the *illustrious Cimon*; and the *Græcian* Cities, generally speaking, took Part with the *Spartans*, who had still maintained the Reputation of their *Military Virtue*. *Pericles*, though he had been the sole Author and Promoter of this War, durst not look his Enemies in the Face: He kept his Army within the Walls of *Athens*: The Country People likewise ran thither for Protection; and such a Multitude of Persons cooped up together, produced that terrible *Plague*, of which *Thucydides* has given us so full a Description, and which gave Occasion to that excellent Poem composed by one of  
our

our own \* Countrymen, and entitled, *The Plague of Athens.*

THE most mortifying Circumstance in the Destruction of the *Athenian* Commonwealth, was, that they were vanquished at *Sea* in that Battle which decided their *Fate*. They had been, till that Time, ever reckoned the *Masters of the Sea*: The *Piræum*, which joined their City, was the most celebrated Harbour in all *Greece*; and at the Beginning of this War, they had a Fleet of no less than one hundred and fifty Ships.

SUCH were the Consequences of *Pericles's* Administration, who maintained himself in Power the *longest* of any *Statesman* at *Athens*; and by the Help of an *immoderate Assurance*, and a *fluent Way of prating*, had *talked* himself up to the Head of Affairs, and deprived the Commonwealth of her most valuable Citizens.

THERE is one *Particular* in the Character of this Man, which, since I omitted to men-

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\* Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester.

tion in its proper Place, I shall take notice of here. I cannot find, that during the whole Time of his shameful Administration, in a City the most celebrated in the World for *Arts* and *Sciences*, he ever preferred, or did one generous Thing for a Man of *Parts* and *Learning* : There is the most *scandalous Instance* of his behaving in a contrary Manner, which can, perhaps, be met with in all History.

IF he had any Learning, or any Thing else truly valuable in him, it is confessed that he owed it to his Tutor *Anaxagoras*.

THIS great Philosopher, though born to a good Paternal Estate, suffered it to lie like a Common, to be grazed by his Neighbour's Cattle, and made no private Advantage of it. He applied himself wholly to his Studies; and we are told that the *Græcians* had so great an Opinion of his *Wisdom*, that they commonly called him Νῆς, that is, *Mind*, *Intelligence*, or *Understanding*.



HE is said to have been the first of all the Philosophers, who, instead of ascribing the Formation of the World either to *Chance* or *Necessity*, undertook to demonstrate, from the wonderful Beauty and Order of all its Parts, that the Disposition of them must have been the Work of a *Wise* and *Intelligent* Being ; and perhaps this *particular Talent*, as well as his own *Wisdom*, might acquire him the Surname of Νῆς.

ANAXAGORAS had not only instructed *Pericles* in Philosophy, but had frequently assisted him with his *Advice* in his greatest Difficulties as a Counsellor of State. *Pericles*, to shew his *Gratitude*, while the Wealth of *Greece* ran every Year through his Hands, and while he daily laid out such immense Sums upon *Pictures*, *Statues*, and *Buildings*, suffered this great Man to want even the *common Necessaries* of *Life*. The Philosopher had a *Soul* too *big* to *ask* : He resolved to *starve himself* ; and to this purpose lay down upon the Ground, and *covered his Head*, as it was customary with the

Ancients \* to do, when some great *Misfortune* had made them weary of *Life*, and they had determined to *die*. This Piece of News was soon carried to *Pericles*. To prevent the Censure of the World, he immediately ran to his old Tutor: He pretended to lament over him in the most *Passionate Manner*, but to be chiefly concerned at his own loosing so wise and able a Counsellor. The Philosopher hearing this, was no longer able to endure the Complaint of such a Monster of *Ingratitude* and *Hypocrisy*: He unmuffled himself; and discovering his meagre Face, *Pericles*, says he, *a Man who wants the Light of a Lamp, takes care, at least, to supply it with Oil*. Intimating, in an handsome Manner, that if he would have had him live, he ought to have allowed him a proper Maintenance. He vouchsafed to say nothing more to his worthless Pupil.

SOCRATES

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*Nam male re gestâ cum vellem mittere operto  
Me Capite in Flumen* ————— HOR.

————— *Caput glauco contexit amictu,  
Multa gemens.* ————— VIRG.

SOCRATES, who was not only one of the *wisest*, but perhaps the *best* of meer Men, that ever appeared in the World, was likewise Cotemporary with *Pericles*. *Socrates* had several very great Men for his Disciples, among whom were *Plato* and \* *Xenophon*. Yet I cannot find that our *worthless Statesman*, with all his Pretensions to *Eloquence*, ever took the least Notice of any of them. He might possibly be afraid that such Men, if he had conversed familiarly with them, would soon see through him; and yet I do not think that this is a sufficient Explanation of his Conduct. I know not whether I have not hit upon the *true Reason* of it: I have already described *Pericles* to be a Man full of the most *mean* and *pitiful Jealousies*. I have

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already

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\* *Xenophon* was not only one of the greatest Scholars, but one of the greatest Generals of his Age. His *Cyropædia* is a convincing Proof of his Genius and Learning; and his Retreat from *Babylon* after the Death of *Cyrus*, at the Head of Ten thousand *Greeks*, through so many vast Countries belonging to his Enemies, is the most celebrated Exploit of that kind in all History. We are told, that *Mark Anthony*, in his Retreat out of *Parthia*, when he saw so many of his Men killed by the *Barbarians*, used to cry out, *Oh! the Ten Thousand, the Ten Thousand!* in Remembrance of this famous Retreat of *Xenophon's*.

already observed, how strongly his pernicious Measures were opposed by the *great and learned Thucydides* : I find besides, that another *learned Man*, and *celebrated Author*, had a Right to at least half the Reputation of the most glorious Campaign *Pericles* ever made ; and that he was twice soundly beaten at Sea by an *eminent Philosopher*.

PLUTARCH expressly tells us, that the most successful of all *Pericles's* Expeditions, and which gave the *Athenians* most Satisfaction, was that in which he sailed round the *Peloponnesus*. I cannot find that any considerable Battle was fought during this Expedition ; however, the *Spartan* Territories were sufficiently harrassed, and a great Part of *Achaia* reduced. But then there is a certain Circumstance, which, though *Plutarch* takes no notice of, we learn sufficiently from other Authors, *viz.* That *Sophocles*, that celebrated Writer of Tragedies, (who overcame *Æschilus* in a solemn Contention, and some of whose Pieces are come down to us,) was made General, and had an equal Command with *Pericles* in this Expedition, both over the Fleet, and the Land Forces which  
were



were on Board it. The *Athenian* Fleet divided when they came to *Peloponnesus*, and acted in two distinct Squadrons; *Sophocles* commanded one of these Squadrons, and *Pericles* the other; so that *Sophocles* had at least a Right to one half of the Reputation which was acquired in this Fortunate Campaign.\*

THE second Fact, I mentioned, is related by *Aristotle*, who was *Plato's* Scholar, and lived immediately after *Pericles*. *Aristotle* says, That *Pericles* was soundly beat in two several Engagements at Sea by *Melissus*, who was one of the greatest Philosophers in *Greece*, and whom the *Samians* had made their General. When *Pericles* was thus beaten, he had the sole Command of the *Athenian* Fleet and Army: He was not then assisted by the Conduct and Courage of the celebrated *Sophocles*.

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\* *Igitur Athenienses adversus tantam tempestatem belli, duos duces deligunt, Periclem spectatæ virtutis virum, & Sophoclem Scriptorem Tragœdiarum: qui diviso exercitu, & Spartanorum agros vastaverunt, & multas Achaïæ civitates Atheniensium imperio adjecerunt.* JUST. Cicero likewise, and other Authors, take notice of *Sophocles's* being General in this Expedition.

IF we reflect upon the natural Temper of *Pericles*, full of the *meanest Jealousy*, and then consider the several Facts I have just mentioned, it will perhaps not appear so very strange, that he should have so strong an Antipathy to Men of *Parts* and *Learning*.

IT is time I should shew in what Manner, even in the Height of his *arbitrary Administration*, and amidst all his *Power* and *Greatness*, the *Athenian* Writers took the Liberty to speak of him.

THE Wits of *Athens*, in regard of the tyrannical Power he had assumed, commonly called him *Pisistratus*, which was the Name of a famous Tyrant who once reigned in *Athens*. They likewise branded his *Creatures* and *Tools* with the odious Title of the *Pisistratides*. A Comick Poet, called *Teleclides*, upbraids his Countrymen the *Athenians* in one of his Pieces, for *Tamely suffering one worthless Fellow to dispose of all the publick Money; to affront such of their Allies as he thought fit; to make Peace or War at his own Discretion; and finally, to*  
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*have it in his Power to ruin the Commonwealth, in order to gratify his own private Revenge, or shameful Avarice. In another of his Plays he names him without the least Ceremony, and says, that At present he is hardly able to support the Weight of his own monstrous Head, and does not know which Way to turn himself, amidst the Confusion into which his Folly has brought the Affairs of the Commonwealth.*

CRATINUS, another Writer, in his Play, called *The Chirons*, speaking of *Pericles*, says, That TIME and FACTION had begot this monstrous Tyrant. In his Play, called *Nemesis*, he addresses himself to him, and cries in a bitter Sarcaſm; *Deliver us out of our present Confusions, O thou that art blessed with a monstrous Head!*

THE ſame Author introduces him upon the Stage in his Play, called *The Thracian Women*, and makes another Perſon ſpeak of him to this Effect; *Here comes our Jobber-headed Pericles: His ill-shaped Noddle is at preſent big with a Plan for his Muſick-Room:*

*Room: Help \* Lucina, that it may be safely, delivered of this notable Project, so much for the Service of the Commonwealth.*

ANOTHER Writer speaking of him, says, *All the Confusions we are at present in, are entirely owing to the over-grown Noddle of this prating empty Fellow Pericles.*

THE Reader, that he may take the full Force of these Jests, ought to be informed, that *Pericles* had an Head of an uncommon Shape, and bigger than most other Mens.

IN order to hide this *Deformity*, he made all his flattering Painters and Statuaries represent him with his Helmet on, in their *Pictures* and *Busts*. The *Athenian* Wits observing his ridiculous *Tenderness* in this Point, fell upon him the more unmercifully.

THEY called him Σχινοκέφαλος, or *Squill-Pate*; and in most of those Jests which they made

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\* *Lucina* was the Goddess to whom the Women in Child-bed addressed themselves for an easy and happy Delivery. The Form of invoking this Deity was usually in these Words; *Lucina fer opem! Help, O Lucina!*



made upon his Conduct and Politicks, and which are come down to us, there is some Allusion to his *great Head*, which they often observe had but *little* in it: In these Jest, in the *Greek*, there is what the *French* call a *Jeu de Mots*, an Allusion to the Word κεφαλῇ, or κάρη, *an Head*, which it is impossible to preserve in any Translation.

IT would be too tedious to mention all the bitter Things that were said of him by several *Athenian* Writers. The Comick Poets brought him upon the Stage in almost every Play; and made no Scruple to expose his ridiculous *Schemes* and *Politicks* in the Manner they deserved. *Hermippus*, in a Copy of Lyrick Verses, bitterly upbraids him for *Tying up the Hands of his Countrymen, and forcing them to sit still, while they were insulted and robbed by their Neighbours*. He addressees himself to the Pacifick Statesman after this Manner; *Why, O King of*  
*\* Satyrs, art thou afraid to unsheath the*  
*Sword!*

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\* *Hermippus* called him the *King of Satyrs*, from his *Lust*: He is reported by the Help of his *Money*, and the *Virtuous Aspasia*, to have had some of the finest Women in *Athens*.

*Sword! All thy Valour seems to lie in thy Tongue: To hear thee talk with so consummate an Assurance, and so much Intrepidity, a Man would imagine thou hadst as much Courage as \* Teles himself, whilst, in Reality, thou tremblest at the Sight of a naked Sword: Thy mean Soul shudders at the Thoughts of War, though the Valiant † Cleon endeavours daily to rouse thee up, and is impatient to be in Arms, and to revenge the Wrongs of his injured Country.*

PERICLES, however nettled, was forced to hear all these severe Truths; and though he had abolished the Power of the *Areopagites*, the most venerable Council and Tribunal in the World, though he had *subverted the Athenian Constitution, and trampled upon their Liberties*, he never durst proceed to the last Degree of Tyranny, and attempt the laying a Restraint upon their Pens. He was probably afraid they would never have endured to see themselves made  
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\* A Man famous for his personal Courage.

† This Cleon came at last to be General of the Athenians.

such absolute and compleat *Slaves* in the Eyes of all *Greece*; and therefore would not take from them this *Shadow* of their *ancient Liberty*, for fear of provoking them to the most *desperate* and *violent* Measures.

CLEON and *Alcibiades* were afterwards, in the Height of their Power, treated in the same free Manner by the *Athenian* Wits and Writers. Their Vices and ill Conduct, as they related to the *Publick*, were exposed on the *Publick Stage* by *Aristophanes*, and others.

IF your Majesty should infer from what I have said, that the *Athenians* were an unpolite ill-judging Audience, and that they encouraged the utmost Licentiousness in their Dramatick Writers; I beg leave to tell your Majesty two short Stories, which may possibly alter your Opinion.

AN *Athenian* Poet, drawing the Character of an avaricious and rapacious Man in one of his Plays, had made him say, that *He valued his Money more than his Country or his Friends*. The *Athenians* were so struck with

with Horror at this Sentiment, that to shew their Displeasure, the whole Audience immediately rose up, and resolved to leave the Theatre; when the Author of the Play, who was behind the Scenes, came out upon the Stage and told them, That *No Body could be more sensible than himself of the Vileness of that Sentiment, at which they had expressed their Dislike; and that he only entreated they would stay to see that Villain thoroughly punished, who was capable of uttering such a Sentence.* The Audience were prevailed upon by this handsome Apology to take their Seats again; and saw, with great Satisfaction, full *Poetical Justice* executed upon a Wretch who had broached such a Maxim, as, in the Opinion of this wise People, must be destructive to any Government.

I SHALL give one Instance more of the Taste and Judgment of an *Athenian* Audience.

AT the first Representation of one of *Æschilus's* Plays, the Theatre was so crowded, that an old Gentleman who came late,

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could get no Place. He bustled about for some Time in Search of one, to no Purpose, till at last he came to the most conspicuous Part of the Theatre, where the *Lacedæmonian* Ambassadors sat. The *Spartans* always paid the utmost Respect to old Men: The Ambassadors therefore, as soon as ever they saw this venerable *Athenian* coming towards them, rose up, and seated him between them. The *Athenians*, though this Action seemed sufficiently to reflect upon their own Behaviour, gave their Approbation of it in such a Thunder of Applause, that the Actors upon the Stage were obliged to stop for several Minutes, before they could proceed in the Play.

IF notwithstanding what I said, your Majesty, and some of my Readers, should think the *Athenians* in the Wrong, who, though they shewed their Dislike of any Thing upon the Stage, which was destructive to *Virtue* and *Liberty*, would sit with Pleasure to hear the *Blunders* and *Vices* of their Statesmen exposed; I only beg leave to add, that I do firmly believe there were as *Wise*, as *Great*, and as *Learned* Men at *Athens*, as  
any

any to be found at present, within the good Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

HAVING shewn in what Manner the *Athenians* enjoyed the *Liberty of the \* Press*; let us see upon what Foot it stood at *Rome*; and how far the *Romans* were allowed either to *speak* or *write* their real Sentiments of *Men* and *Things*.

THE great *Cato*, who, most People seem to think had pretty just Notions about *Freedom* and *Liberty*, wrote a most severe Satire in *Iambick Verse* against *Metellus Scipio*, upon the Account of a private Injury he received from him: We are told that *Cato's* Verses equalled even those of † *Archilochus*.

CICERO

\* I hope I need not tell any learned Criticks, that I know when *Printing* was first *invented*, or used in *Europe*; notwithstanding which, I presume to call the Liberty of Men's speaking, writing, and publishing their Thoughts, *The Liberty of the Press*.

† *Archilochus* first invented this *Iambick Verse*, extremely proper for Satire; and with which he made *Lycambes* hang himself: From whence *Ovid*, when he threatens his Enemy *Ibis*, that he will write against him in *Iambicks*, says,

*Tincta Lycambæo sanguine tela feram.*

CICERO wrote an high Panegyrick upon *Cato*, under the Dictatorship of *Cæsar*: A Panegyrick upon *Cato*, was the severest Satire upon *Cæsar*, whose Measures *Cato* had constantly opposed. *Cæsar* took it in this Light: But though he was absolute Master of *Rome*, resented it no otherwise, than by writing a large and distinct Answer to it; which he began with telling his Readers, that He hoped they would not expect the same Accuracy of Stile from a Soldier, as from a Man who had made Eloquence his chief Study, and was so famous for excelling in it. This Apology was extreamly artful, though *Cæsar*, in Reality, had less Occasion to make use of it, than any one Man in all *Rome*.

ON the very Day of his Triumph, and as he was riding in State to the Capitol, his own Soldiers took the Liberty to sing under his Nose, *Romani, cavete uxores, mæchum calvum adducimus*. Romans, take care of your Wives; we bring you home the bald Adulterer. This was reproaching him, in the same Breath, with that Vice he was most

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addicted to, and with a sort of *Deformity* which he carefully endeavoured to conceal. 'Tis well known, that he received no Honour the Senate decreed him with more Pleasure, than when they allowed him constantly to wear a Wreath of Laurel, which covered that *Baldness* his *Intense Thinking* had probably brought upon him, sooner than it usually came upon other Men.

AN Action of one of *Augustus's* Soldiers, is a Proof of that sturdy Liberty which the *Romans* kept up under every one of their Emperors, who was not a down-right *Tyrant*. *Augustus*, in one of his Camps, was terribly disturbed every Night by the Noise of a Screech-Owl, that flew about his Tent. He ordered it to be published, that if any of the Soldiers could catch this troublesome Creature, he should be handsomely rewarded. A dexterous Fellow found out a Way to take the Owl, and carried it to the Emperor's Pavilion. It seems, the Reward sent him was much less than he expected. The Fellow, without saying a Word, let his Owl loose again; and the Emperor was entertained at Night, with his usual Serenade.



renade. *Augustus* was so far from being angry at the Fellow's Bluntness, that he ordered him a good Sum of Money; and ever after, when he rewarded Mens Services, remembered he was Emperor of *Rome*.

SENECA wrote a very severe Satire against the Emperor *Claudius*, for having unjustly banished him.

ONE of the best and greatest of all the *Roman* Emperors \* being informed, that a Satire was published against him, and persuaded to punish the Author; *By no means*, (says he :) *If what the Gentleman has wrote is false and groundless, it will do me no harm; if it be true, I shall know how to amend my Errors by it.*

IN the latter Times of the *Roman* Empire, when Christianity got Ground, the *Liberty of the Press* was carried to a greater Height than ever; An indiscreet Zeal for Religion, made some Men of weak Heads abuse their Emperors in the most gross and scurrilous Terms, without either Wit, Truth, or Decency. [ M 2 ] Str.

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\* *Marcus Antoninus.*

ST. *Hilary*, of *Poitiers*, wrote against the Emperor *Constantius*, in such Language, as many a Porter would scorn to make use of.

*GREGORY Nazianzen* treats the Emperor *Julian* in the same Manner. It appears from the best Authorities, that *Julian* was guilty of no notorious Crime, besides his quitting the Christian Religion, which he never sincerely profess'd. This Emperor had vast natural Parts; was learned, valiant, generous and temperate; had an unwearied Application to Business, an absolute Command over his Passions, a comely Person, and something extreamly noble in his Air and Behaviour. *Gregory* wrote two *Invectives* against him, (which *Canaeus* says, he published in the Emperor's Life Time,) and in which he endeavours to paint his Prince as a Monster, both in *Body* and *Mind*. The good Man could not say his Emperor was either hump-back'd, or crook-legg'd, but he made a shift to find out that *Julian* was ever moving his Head, that his Eyes were wandering, his Looks furious, and the Air of his Face full of Insolence: From which Marks

*Gregory*

Gregory says, that *As soon as ever he saw him*, (they studied together at *Athens*,) *he was sure he was the vilest of Men, and would never come to any Good*. He then uses his utmost Skill to expose and ridicule all his Prince's *Speeches* and *Writings*, (which by-the-by, most Men of Taste have since admired;) and in a Word, sticks at no sort of Scurrility. The Emperor made no Reply to an infinite Number of Abuses of this Kind, (which he met with almost daily from some other zealous Christians, as well as from *Gregory*,) but with his own excellent *Pen*, and by a *mild* and *steady Government*. His great Soul scorned to have Recourse to Cruelty or Violence; and by his acting in this Manner, he has given a most convincing Proof, how unjustly he was charged with every Fault, except his Apostacy. How far he was guilty on that Head, whether he acted upon worldly Motives, or really followed the Direction of his *Reason*, is what none but that supreme Being who knows all Things, and his own Conscience, could fully determine. It is, I think, allowed by the greatest Divines of all Persuasions, that *A Man is obliged to follow the Dictates, even of an erroneous Conscience*.

I SHALL only observe, that the Behaviour of a *weak* and a *guilty* Prince, is most commonly extremely different from the Emperor *Julian's*. When *Luther* fell so smartly upon that *silly* Book which *Harry* the Eighth wrote against him, and when Cardinal *Pool* soon after exposed the *Cruelties*, *Rapine*, and *Injustice* of this wicked King, in their *true* Colours, I am of Opinion, that either of these two Authors, would have passed his Time but very indifferently, if our *English Tyrant* could have laid his Hands upon him.

THOUGH I have shewn in what Manner the *Roman* Emperors were actually treated, I am far from justifying such Behaviour in Subjects towards their Prince. The *Name* and *Person* of a Prince ought to be regarded as Things *sacred* by all his Subjects. A *King* is of no *Party*. He is the *common Father* of all his People: It is his Duty, *Parcere Subjectis, & Debellare Superbos*. I am very well pleased with the Maxim in our *English* Law, That *The King himself can do no wrong*; but should this Rule be extended



tended to his *Ministers*, we might prate about *Freedom*, and brag of our *Liberties*; but there would not be in all *Europe*, a Nation of more *abject* and *ridiculous Slaves*.

IT must be confessed, that the Emperor *Julian* shewed an uncommon Greatness of Mind, in pardoning the continued Insolence and Scurrilities of those Enthusiasts, who, perhaps, were in themselves honest and good Men, and might fancy they were serving *God*, while they were abusing their *Prince*. It is probable the Emperor looked upon their Proceedings with a generous Pity and Contempt, imagining very justly, that such outrageous Railings, could do his Character no Injury with Men of Sense and Judgment. And here it cannot be improper to observe, that any Author who in his Writings has no manner of Regard to *Truth*, and breaks through the established Rules of *Decency* and *good Manners*, will do himself much more harm than the Person, or Persons, he writes against. A Reader must be extremely dull, who is not able to distinguish *Truth* from *Passion*, and *Reason* from *Resentment*.

I HAVE already declared my Opinion, that the *Names* and *Persons* of Kings ought to be looked upon as Things *sacred* by all their Subjects: Yet even Princes themselves would do well to remember, that this profound *Respect* and *Veneration*, which is paid to their *Persons* by all understanding Men, neither *can* nor *will* subsist after they are dead. It would be abolishing all History at once, if the Characters and Actions of Princes, after their Decease, were not to be fairly examined, and faithfully related. Even those of their own Family, if they are Persons of good Sense, cannot take this Liberty amiss in a Writer. Our late excellent Queen *Mary* gave a remarkable Instance of what I am saying.

THAT admirable Princess, was one Day asking a learned Prelate, *If he knew why King James, her Father, was so highly enraged against Monsieur Jurieu?* The Bishop replied, *That He conceived it was for some Stories which Monsieur Jurieu had inserted in his Writings about Mary Queen of Scots, and which cast an high Reflection upon all*

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who were descended from her. The Queen immediately replied, *It is Monsieur Jurieu's Business to support the Cause he has undertaken, and to expose those that persecuted it: If what he says of Mary Queen of Scots is really true, Monsieur Jurieu is not to be blamed for making as much use of it as he can.* She immediately added, *If Princes will do ill Things, the World will take Revenge of their Memory, if they cannot reach their Persons: This is the least they must expect for their Inhumanity, and for making such Multitudes of People miserable while they live.*

WHAT this excellent Queen observed does indeed always happen: *Suetonius* wrote the Lives of the *Roman* Emperors, with the same Freedom they led them. Our *James* the First lived surrounded with Sy-cophants, and a Set of worthless Creatures; and we now see with what *Contempt* and *Indignation*, every Man of Sense or Reading mentions his *Name*. His murdering Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, (as great and universal a Genius, as not only *England*, but perhaps any other Nation ever produced) is justly looked upon as such a Complication of *Baseness* and

and *Cruelty*, as can hardly be parallel'd. It were, indeed, to be wished, that the Murder of this great Man (no less a Scandal to *England*, than that of *Socrates* to *Athens*) could be blotted out of the *British* History. It were to be wished his *Trial* was not still extant, which no body can peruse without Horror; and at which *Coke*, that *Oracle of the Law*, as some Men call him, gave the clearest Demonstration of his being a most *abandoned Prostitute*.

FROM what has been observed, it is very certain, that nothing could make Princes a sufficient Amends for that Severity with which they are sure to have their Actions canvassed after their Death, but the having it every Day in their Power, while they live, to do such Actions as would render their Memories truly glorious and immortal.

I HAVE already taken notice, in my *Introduction*, that the *Chinese* are allow'd to excel all other People in the Art of Government. In *China* the Emperor is absolute: There are only two Things he is obliged to submit to, and which the *Chinese* think, if  
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he has the least grain of Virtue, Honour, or Generosity, will be a sufficient Check upon all his Actions. He is sure to hear of his *Faults* while he is alive, and to have them recorded in History after his Death.

I HAVE observed, that in *China* no Man is a *Gentleman* by his *Birth*, but that the Mandarines, or Gentlemen, become such by their own *Parts* and *Learning*. These Mandarines, by a fundamental Law of the *Chinese* Empire, are allowed to tell the Emperor, in respectful, yet in plain Terms, whatever they think is amiss in his Conduct; and we are assured, that whenever they think the *Honour* of their *Prince*, or the *Good* of their *Country*, makes it necessary, they never fail to make use of their Privilege. There was a remarkable Instance of this, in the Reign of one of their Emperors, who was a proud and obstinate Man. This Emperor's Conduct, in a certain Particular, was directly contrary to the Precepts of the great *Confucius*. One of the wisest and most learned of the Mandarines hereupon demanded an Audience; and having told his Prince what he conceived was wrong in his Conduct, he shewed him,

him, with great strength of Reason, the ill Consequences which would probably attend it. The Emperor, who was not of an Humour to think he could be in the Wrong, instead of reforming his own Conduct, ordered the Mandarin to be put to Death for his Insolence. The next Day another Mandarin demanded an Audience; he made the same Remonstrances his Predecessor had done, and met with the same Fate. Upon the third Day a third Mandarin went to the Emperor: To shew that he expected to die, but that he willingly devoted himself for the *good of his Country*, he ordered his Horse to follow him in Mourning, and to wait at the Palace-Gate. He then went boldly up to the Emperor and told him, that *If he did not immediately reform his Conduct, his Reign would appear the most shameful to future Ages, of any yet recorded in the Chronicles of China.* The Emperor incensed at this Behaviour, not only put him to Death, but ordered him to expire under the most exquisite Tortures.

THE Mandarines upon this assembled in a Body: They came to a generous Resolution,

Resolution, that whatever was the Consequence, they would not see their Prince persist in a Conduct which would be a *Disgrace* to himself, and was contrary to the *Maxims* and *Policy* of their Government. They determined by Lot, what Members of their Body should go next, and wait upon the Emperor. Every Man as the Lot fell upon him readily went, and did his Duty. A great Number of them were put to Death; but at last, the Emperor's Obstinacy was overcome. He not only reformed his Conduct, but ordered most magnificent Monuments, at a vast Expence, to be built over the Bodies of those Mandarines whom he had put to Death. 'Tis true, he honoured their Memories; but all the Power he was possessed of could not restore Life to those *faithful Subjects*, who had given so plain a Proof, that they preferred his *Honour*, and the *Good of their Country*, to every other Consideration.

THE Behaviour of the Mandarines upon this Occasion was exactly conformable to the Precepts and Practice of the great *Confucius* himself; who never failed, as Opportunity offered,

ferred, to tell Princes his *real* and *true Sentiments* of their Conduct and Government; of which I will give one Instance.

WE are told, that when *Confucius* was a young Man, he was so severely persecuted by some ill People in Power, that he was obliged to leave his own Country. He came at last to the Court of a Prince, who was generally looked upon to be a *Man of great Capacity*. *Confucius* was received with open Arms: The King laid before this great Statesman the whole Plan of his Government; not, perhaps, so much with a real Design to ask the Advice of *Confucius*, as to please his own Vanity, by having the Approbation of so wise and learned a Politician. Among other Things, he one Day took *Confucius* with him to Council, where a Point of Consequence was to be determined. The King opened the Debate himself, with great Eloquence. He stated the Question in a full and clear Light. Having mentioned the Conveniences and the Inconveniences which he apprehended were likely to arise by their determining of it either Way, he at last gave his own Judgment upon the Whole. He enforc'd it with several

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ral Reasons; and concluded with desiring every Member of his Privy Council to speak their Opinions with the *utmost Freedom* upon this important Occasion.

WHEN the King had done speaking, several Members of the Council rose up in their Turns, and made many grave and learned Speeches; in some of which they strengthen'd his Majesty's Opinion, by several Reasons which had not occurred to himself; so that the Affair was settled with the unanimous Approbation of the whole Board. When this venerable Assembly was broke up, the King, taking *Confucius* into his Closet, conjured him to tell him how he liked his Method of debating Affairs of Consequence in Council. *Sir*, says *Confucius*, *I cannot well judge of that, because I have not yet been at a Council.* The King pressed him to tell what he meant by talking in that Manner. *I have heard your Majesty*, says *Confucius*, *shew a great deal of Wit and Eloquence; but you are very little acquainted with Mankind, if you can imagine that your Courtiers will not rather chuse to speak what they know is agreeable to you, than what they really think.*

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*If your Majesty would have known the true Sentiments of your Council, you ought to have concealed your own.* He then shewed the King that the Resolution he had just before taken was wrong, and extreamly prejudicial to the Good of his Kingdom. He went still farther; He demonstrated to him, that several of his great Officers could have informed him of several *Matters of Fact*, which they chose to say nothing of, after his Majesty had given his Opinion. The King, though his *Vanity* was not a little mortified by this Discourse, yet, as he was really a Man of a *fine Understanding*, and had no other Fault but *Vanity*, entertain'd an high Esteem for *Confucius*. He now not only asked his Advice upon all Occasions, but followed it too in good Earnest; and, we are assured, rendered his Kingdom in a short Time the *Envy* and *Dread* of all the neighbouring States.

THE *Chinese* Emperors have still another Check upon their Actions; which is looked upon to be of the *strongest Kind*, if they have but the least Sense of *Honour* or *Reputation*. Thirty Mandarines are appointed to keep an exact and daily Account of all the Emperor's Actions.

Actions. Each of these Mandarines has a constant Access to the Palace, and sets down not only the Actions, but the very Words of the Emperor, with his own Reflections upon them, in loose Pieces of Paper, which he thrusts almost every Day through a small Crevise, into a large Iron Chest, which has thirty different Locks, and is set aside for that Purpose. This Chest is never opened during the Reign of that Emperor whose Life it contains, nor while any of his Family sit upon the Throne of *China*. When the Crown passes into another Family the Chest is opened, and all these private Memoirs, wrote by Men who did not communicate their Thoughts to one another, are delivered into the Hands of some Mandarin who is remarkable for a solid Judgment and a fine Stile. The Mandarin from these several Memoirs writes the Life of the deceased Emperor, *commends* or *censures* his Actions with the *utmost Freedom*; and his *Life* thus wrote, is added to the *Chronicles of China*. The *Chinese* have not the least Notion of *hereditary Right*. If the Emperor has several Sons, and finds the youngest of them all to have the *best Capacity*, he adopts him for

his Successor; and we are assured, that his elder Brothers, who live like private Gentlemen, were never known to rebel against him. If an Emperor of *China* has no Son of a Capacity fit to govern so vast an Empire, he makes Choice of some other Person to succeed him; from a firm Belief, that he cannot do his own Children a greater Kindness, than to prevent their appearing in that high Station, which must render their *Defects* visible to all the World; and that he should be guilty of a Crime, the *Supreme God*, the Almighty *Cham Ti* would never forgive, if he permitted so many Millions of People to be made miserable by the *Weakness* and *Incapacity* of one Man. By this Means the Empire of *China* has seldom continued long in the same Family; and this Principle of the *Chinese* Emperors, is, perhaps, at least equal to any Thing we find among the greatest Patriots of *Greece* or *Rome*.

THE Lives of the *Chinese* Emperors being composed from a great Number of Facts set down Day by Day, in the Order they happened, with Reflections upon each Fact, run pretty much after this Manner.



—— On this Day, the Emperor concluded a Treaty with the King of Niuche; by Vertue of which, the Province of China, which Borders upon that Prince's Dominions, will enjoy for the future a constant and most advantageous Trade.

—— This Day he gave Audience to several Ambassadors. To the Proposal made him by the Ambassadors from the Kingdom of Tonquin, he returned an Answer every way agreeable to his own Dignity, and which shewed he was perfectly a Master of this whole Affair; but when the Ambassador from the Emperor of Muscovy was admitted, who was sent to excuse some Actions which had lately happened on the Banks of the River Yamour, the Northern Boundary of the Empire of China, our Emperor's Passion and Resentment got the better of his Reason. He said several improper Things, and gave a great deal of Pain to all his faithful Mandarines who were then present. Nothing can be said in Excuse of his Behaviour, but that he conceived his Subjects had been injured in their Properties,

and were in some Danger of losing those two valuable Branches of their TRADE, their PEARL-FISHING, and SABLE-HUNTING\*.

—— This Day the Emperor published a most excellent Law, to regulate the Proceedings in several Courts of Justice; and to provide, that the Assessors of his Revenue might observe the utmost Impartiality, with regard to all his † Subjects. This Law rendered him extreamly dear to his People.

—— This

\* There were formerly some Disputes between the Emperor of *China* and the Czar of *Muscovy* upon this Affair; but upon a Treaty, the Czar agreed to demolish all his Forts upon the River *Yamour*; to yield up to the *Chinese* the Right of Pearl-fishing, and Sable-hunting in the adjacent Country; that the River *Argun* should be esteemed for the future the Boundary of the *Chinese* Empire, and the Town of *Argun*, the utmost Limits of his own Dominions on that Side.

† Every Subject in *China* has an Estate of Inheritance in his Lands, and does not hold them of any Superior Lord. The Emperor may levy what Taxes he thinks fit, to supply the Necessities of the Government; yet there is an ordinary Tax which is seldom exceeded, and does not amount to above a Tenth Part of the Profits of Mens Estates. The Emperor's yearly Revenue is computed to be about *Twenty-two Millions English Money*; a very small Sum, if we consider the Extent and Riches of this vast Empire; But the Emperor every Year exempts some Provinces from  
paying

——— *This Day, and the Five following Days, the Emperor spent wholly among his Women ; In all this Time he did not do one great or generous Action. When he appeared again in Publick, one of his Mandarines took the Liberty to represent to him, That though his private Pleasures were very proper to unbend and refresh his Mind, after the Fatigue of Business, yet if he spent so much Time upon them, his own Reputation must suffer as well as all those People, whose Happiness depended upon his Application to the Duties of his high Post. That a great Number of Petitions from his Subjects lay before him, which, by the Constitution of the Empire, he was obliged to read \*. The Em-*

[ N 3 ]

*peror*

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paying any Taxes at all. A Chinese, who has any Estate, knows what he is to pay, and is obliged under severe Penalties, to send or carry in the Emperor's Duties, without being called upon, to the *Treasurer of the Province* ; so that all the Expence of *Collectors, Receivers*, and a vast Number of other Officers, employed about the Royal Revenue in most *European Nations*, is entirely saved.

\* We are assured by the *Missionaries*, that Petitions are daily presented to the Emperor of *China* ; and that by the *Constitution of the Empire*, he is obliged to read them ; so that he is the *busiest*, as well as the *greatest* Man, in all his Dominions.

*peror was so struck with this Remonstrance, that he made a Vow, which he punctually kept, not to see one of his Favourite Mistresses again, 'till he had read, and done Justice, upon every Petition that lay before him.*

————— *This Day the Emperor spent in a select Company of his most Learned Mandarines: Their whole Conversation ran upon the Present State of the Empire, and the Political Writings of Confucius; the Emperor shewed himself a perfect Master of those Writings; and from something which was started at this Conversation, a Resolution was formed, which proved of infinite Advantage to the whole Empire of China.*

————— *This Day the Bell that demands Justice, was rung out by a Tradesman in the City. The Man, according to Custom, was immediately sent for to the Palace, and had a private Audience of the Emperor. It appeared the next Day, that this poor Tradesman had made his Complaint against Lycungz, one of the greatest Mandarines in the Empire, for an horrid Piece of Injustice.*



*justice and Oppression.* Lycungz, who was immensely rich, and whose Conscience accused him, ran directly to two Persons, who he suspected would be called upon as Evidences, and gave each of them a vast Bribe: Besides this, the poor Tradesman, who had never before spoke to an Emperor, told his Story very awkwardly; but the Emperor, with an admirable Sagacity, took a Method, which soon let him into the Truth of the whole Affair. The Tradesman had a most ample Recompence for the Injuries he had sustained, and the Mandarin was punished in the Manner he deserved.

FOR the better understanding this *last Article*, it may be proper I should acquaint your Majesty, that in the Capital City of China, there is a Bell \* hung in an open Place; and if the meanest Subject in the Empire conceives himself injured by a Man too great for him to contend with in the common Courts of Justice, he may at any Time go

[ N 4 ]

and

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\* The Bells in China are of a Size which is hardly credible: Their Figure is almost a *Cylinder*; and we are assured, by some who have measured them, that there are  
at

and ring this Bell, or cause it to be rung; upon which he is immediately conducted by Officers, appointed for that Purpose, to the *Emperor himself*, to whom he tells his *Case*, and makes his *Complaint*.

I have shewn how far the *Liberty of the Press* was indulged among the *Athenians* and *Romans*, and that it is at this Day a most essential Part of the Constitution of *China*, and made use of as the most certain Check upon the Actions of the greatest Monarch in the World. How far the Emperors of *China* indulge it themselves, we may learn from hence, *viz.* That the reverend Fathers, the Missionaries, who are sent into *China* from *Rome* and *France* to propagate the Gospel, have full Leave given them to print and publish whatever Books they conceive most likely to *make Converts*; though all such  
Books

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at *Pekin* seven Bells, which were cast about three hundred Years since, and weigh one hundred and twenty thousand Pounds each. They are eleven Foot wide, forty Foot round, and twelve Foot high, besides the Ear, which is at least three Foot high; so that each of these Bells is above twice as heavy as that at *Ersfort*, which *Kircher* affirms to be the biggest in the World. The *Chinese* had *Bells*, and the *Use of the Compass*, as well as *Printing* and *Gun-Powder*, long before the *Europeans*.

Books are in direct Opposition to the Religion which has been professed in *China* for some thousands of Years. It is almost incredible to conceive what Pains the Missionaries have taken to make themselves Masters of the *Chinese* Language and Learning, since they have obtained so generous a Permission to exert all their Talents, and do their best. What Success they have met with is not so certain: Their own Relations have been a little suspected, and we have had different Accounts of this Affair. Some say that the Missionaries have really made a great Number of Profelytes to Christianity: Others assert, That the Fathers have met their Converts half Way; and that they themselves in *China* profess a mixed Sort of Religion, partly *Christian*, and partly *Chinese*. This Charge against them has made some Noise, and passed under an Examination at \* *Rome*.  
It

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\* This Affair gave Occasion to that famous Decree of the Pope's, which was published in the Year 1707. by Cardinal *De Tournon*, his Holiness's Vicar in *China*, and by which I think it appears, that the reverend Fathers, the Jesuits, had been pretty complaisant to their *Chinese* Converts; notwithstanding which, I cannot find that any of the *Mandarines* were in the Number of their Profelytes.

It is certain that the Emperors of *China*, who, as it has been observed, are Men of great Abilities and Learning, have condescended to hear with Candour and Patience whatever the reverend Fathers thought proper to urge in Favour of Christianity; and that, though they have not been converted, they have given the most generous Marks of their Esteem for the *personal Accomplishments* and *good Qualities* of these learned Men.\* They have caused themselves to be instructed by them very exactly, and with a great deal of Pleasure in the Science of Astronomy; in several Parts of which, by the Help of some late Discoveries, the *Europeans* excel the *Chinese*.

LET us now see upon what Foot the *Liberty of the Press* has stood in *England*. I am sorry I must say, that we shall find the most execrable Cruelties and Murders have been committed in some Reigns, for Books that have been *interpreted* into *Libels* against the

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\* Father *Adam*, *Verbieß*, and *Garbillon*, Gentlemen of good Sense and great Learning, were mighty Favourites at the Court of *China*.



the *Church*, or *Libels* against the *State*, and sometimes even for Words spoke in private Conversation, or for professing some particular Tenet or Opinion. Barbarities of this Kind may possibly seem agreeable enough to the Spirit of Popery, and the Doctrine of the Inquisition; but we must own with Shame and Confusion, that as soon as the Protestants got into Power, they began to exercise those very Cruelties they had so loudly exclaimed against in the Roman Catholics. While we are reading the Account of *Cranmer's* Execution, our Pity towards him is a little abated, when we reflect, that he himself, but a few Years before, had murdered a poor *innocent* silly *Woman*, and a Foreigner who was remarkably *honest* and *devout*. The Archbishop caused these two unhappy Persons to be burnt alive in *Smithfield*. There are many still living, who remember when some of the noblest Blood in *England* was shed, for only writing a *speculative* Discourse upon Government. It is true, that after the Revolution, this Fact, committed with the utmost *Solemnity*, and under the *Mask* of *publick Justice*, was called by its *true* Name, and declared to be

an \* *execrable Murder*, in which every Body observed that the *Judge* had acted a much more infamous Part than the *Hangman*. At length an honest and necessary Petition, presented to a King of *England* by seven Bishops, who deserved that Title, came to be called a *Libel*; and the Nation saw with Horror, that some Persons, who were obliged by a solemn Oath to defend the *Liberties of the People*, were very ready to have *interpreted* it into one. The Press was now restrained, and two or three wicked Ministers were firmly resolved, that their *ill-advised King*, and the *wretched Nation*, should read nothing in Print, but weekly Panegyricks upon themselves and their Proceedings. So bare-faced a *Tyranny* made some of the coolest and best Heads in *England* come into the *Revolution*, and concur in dethroning a Prince, to whom themselves or their Families had great Obligations, and who, it must be confessed, had some *good Qualities*, which (if he had not been put upon these *cruel* and *arbitrary* Proceedings) seemed designed by Providence to have made his Reign glorious, and this Island *great* and

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\* *Algernon Sidney's* Attainder was reversed after the Revolution.

and *happy*. But these were all effaced by his using us like *Slaves*; and many of his Subjects of the best Sense, and the greatest Capacities, conspired against him, though they could not but foresee many Inconveniencies that must happen from their calling in a Foreign Prince and what a *sea* of *Blood*, and *immense Treasures*, it would probably cost their unhappy Country, to *support* that *Revolution* they were then aiming at. Upon the Revolution, the *Restraint upon the Press* was taken off; but the *Liberty of the Press* was not provided for, in so effectual a Manner, as most People expected. I take the Reason to have been this: Our Deliverer, King *William*, had some Persons about him, who were endeavouring to raise vast Fortunes at the Expence of this unhappy Nation. The *Liberty of the Press* is the most unlucky Scourge that hangs over the Heads of such People: It is not their Interest to have the *Publick* put upon observing their *Conduct*; and they are constantly afraid, that the King their Master may come to know such *Truths* from the Press, as few Courtiers would have either the *Honesty*, or the *Courage* to tell him. I take this to have been the true Reason, why the *Liberty of*  
the

*the Press* was not put upon so *open* and *generous* a Foot after the Revolution, as most Men thought it would have been, in a Nation that talked so much of *Freedom*, and which had just taken so *terrible* a *Leap*, in order to preserve it. But though many wise Men think some sort of Proceedings still smell too strongly of the *Star-Chamber*, though there have been some Cases since the Revolution, which have made most thinking People shake their Heads; it must be confessed, that there have not been so many Murders and Robberies committed, under the Mask of Justice, as there were before: It must be allowed, that our Judges have not been so very ready to *strain* and *misinterpret* the *Law*, that they might reach the *Life* or *Estate* of any Man, whom a corrupt and wicked Minister should happen to frown upon.

It is one of *Theophrastus's* Sayings, which is left upon Record; That *it is but a short-lived Falsehood, which is raised by Envy and Defamation*. I must own, I have ever thought, with some of the best and greatest Men, that any *Libel*, or Report, which is  
really



really *false* and *groundless*, must turn to the Advantage of that Person it was designed to hurt, and to the Confusion of his Enemies, if he is but fairly permitted to defend himself. In the Law we frequently put fictitious Cases : I shall beg leave to illustrate the Position I have laid down, by supposing two very strong Cases ; one, in relation to a *private Man* ; and the other, to a *first Minister* ; though perhaps neither of these Cases ever did, or ever may happen.

SUPPOSE a private Gentleman should have something to say to his King, or his Queen, which he conceived it was of the utmost Consequence they should know ; suppose that at last, after a long, a most expensive, and a most humble Application, he should have the strongest Reasons to believe, that what he had to say would be graciously heard ; though a certain Courtier (for *Reasons* best known to *himself*) had used an hundred Tricks to prevent it. Suppose this same Courtier, when he saw all his little Arts defeated, should at last have the *consummate Assurance*, upon the very Day, this Gentleman expected his Audience, to raise a  
Report,

Report, that the *poor Gentleman* was a *Lunatick*; and should cause this to be asserted by his Tools, with so much *Confidence*, and seeming *Pity* for the unhappy Gentleman, at all the Publick Tables at Court, in several Assemblies, and last of all in Print, that most People at length should firmly believe the Fact: It must be owned in this Case, that the poor Man would be in a deplorable Condition, especially, if his private Fortune had been before torn in Pieces in an *extraordinary* Manner, and he had now little to subsist upon, besides a *Profession*, where few People choose to employ a *Madman*. There is no doubt, but as our Law stands, such an unhappy Man might fill *Westminster-Hall* with Actions against the *Tools* of the Courtier; and yet, if he consulted me, I should not advise him to apply to that most laudable Part of our Constitution the *Crown-Office*: I should only counsel him to appear in Publick a little more than he used to do, and to depend upon it, that, as bad as the World is, Mankind would soon look both upon the *Courtier* and *himself* in a *proper* Light.

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My next Case shall relate to a first Minister: Suppose in any *European* Nation, a Man of great *Integrity* and *Abilities*, who had *travelled* into other Kingdoms, made many excellent *Observations* upon their *Government* and *Trade*, and was a perfect *Master* of several *Languages*; I say, suppose such a Man, for the Honour of his Prince, and as a Blessing to his Country, should be placed in the Post of *First Minister*; that as he was a perfect Judge of *Men*, and his own *Genius* was *universal*, he should be content to take the Trouble of finding out proper Persons for all Preferments, and of managing all Affairs, both Foreign and Domestick: I will suppose, that this accomplished Minister had made several Treaties highly to the *Honour* of his *King*; and by virtue of which, *Trade* and *Commerce* were put upon such a Foot, that his *Country* was in a fair Way of acquiring a great Part of the Wealth of the World: It is not impossible but *Envy* and *Impudence* might attack such a Minister; that some malicious People might pretend the Treaties he had made, were neither an *Honour* to his *Prince* or *Country*; that some

impudent Wretches might assert, he neither understood Foreign Affairs, nor ever could, because he was unable to converse with Foreigners ; and that he was so far from being a *Master of Languages*, that he could not even speak *French*. This last Insinuation would be extremely Malicious ; since *French* is a Language most *Gentlemen* speak, in which the great Affairs of *Europe* are carried on ; and since any body may guess, what sorry Stuff *Conversation* must be, when 'tis managed by an *Interpreter* : Yet should a great and an accomplished Minister be thus wickedly defamed by *Envy* and *Impudence*, I do strongly affirm, that he need have no manner of Recourse to *Prosecutions*, *Informations*, and *Acts of Power* : His *Treaties* would speak for themselves. While a *trading Nation* felt the Wealth of *Europe* daily flowing in upon them, with what Abhorrence and Detestation would all his Slanderers be looked upon ! As to the last Piece of *Scandal*, his *Want of Languages* ; if I was of his Privy-Council, he should take no other Notice of it, than by making an Entertainment for Foreign Ministers ; at which, when he had talked with great *Fluency* to every Man in his own  
Tongue,



Tongue, I durst pawn my Life upon it, all his Enemies would be sufficiently confounded.

I CANNOT indeed help thinking, that a First Minister, or Man in great Power, must not only have the worst of Causes, but must want common Policy before he is reduced to have Recourse to *violent Methods*: In Disputes relating to his Conduct, he has very often all the Evidence in his own Hands, and can at least have Recourse to Authentick Papers, much easier than his Adversaries. It is in his Power, by a *noble* and *generous* Behaviour, either entirely to gain Men of Parts on his Side, or to make it scarce possible for them to be his inveterate Enemies. This is the Method which *Julius Cæsar* took with *Catullus*; *Charles* the Fifth with *Aretine*, and Cardinal *Mazarine* with *Quillet*. The late Earl of *Oxford* acted in the same Manner; and if some Men, who had fine Pens, had not had the utmost Zeal for the House of *Hanover*, and been really afraid his Lordship was bringing in the *Pretender*, they could never have opposed the Measures of a Minister, who shewed so great a Regard for every

Man of a distinguished Capacity. In what Manner he lived with those two great Genius's and most able Men, Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Prior*, the World well knows. It is true, these Gentlemen helped to support his Measures; but I could give three such Instances, which all fell within my own Knowledge, of a most noble and uncommon Generosity in his Behaviour towards Mr. *Addison*, Sir *Richard Steel*, and Mr. *Congreve*, (Men who differed with him in Opinion, and always opposed his Measures,) as would infinitely surprise all People, who never yet heard those Stories. This Minister was represented, every Week when he was Lord High-Treasurer of *Great Britain*, under the Character of a *Mountebank*, or *Quack Doctor*, who sold the People *Poison* for *Physick*; and yet I never heard that he brought one single *Information* against the Printer or Author of those Papers. His Lordship answered *Wit* with *Wit*, and *Argument* with *Argument*; and often in so strong a Manner, that, to my certain Knowledge, those Gentlemen who endeavoured to decry his Measures, were a good deal gravelled upon *some Heads*. The late Earl of  
Oxford

*Oxford* is now no more: His *great Qualities* (and surely he had some) are no longer *terrible* to his Enemies. His *Failings* (what Man is without them!) give no *Uneasiness* to his Friends; but let the *Learned World* for ever mention a Man with all the Advantage consistent with *Truth*, who had so great a Share of Learning himself, and was so noble a Patron of it in other Persons

*Truth* and *Justice* force me to say thus much of a Man, whose Measures, when he was in Power, I constantly opposed with those little Talents Heaven has bestowed upon me; and from whom I never *received* the least *Favour*. Should I dare to assert he never *offered* me any, I should basely belye him, and might be contradicted by a Gentleman now living.

HAVING mentioned this great Man, I shall, with your Majesty's Permission, take a little Notice of his *Politicks*; because they have so near a Relation to the Times we live in. I must own, that, during his Administration, I was made firmly to believe he was bringing in the *Pretender*: I have at present some Reasons

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sons to be, at least, very *doubtful* upon that Head. I ever was, and still am of Opinion, that it was not impossible for him to have made a better *Peace* than he did; yet surely all Men must allow, that the *Demolition of Dunkirk*, and the *Acquisition of Gibraltar*, were two Points of infinite Advantage to *Great Britain*. I am sorry to say I have lived to see the Time, in which they have been thought too advantageous for us to enjoy quietly, not only by our *Enemies*, but even by our *pretended Friends*. After the Death of the late Emperor, it would have been *Madness* for us to have endeavoured any longer to place the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of his present Imperial Majesty: If this Prince is dreadful now, what would he have been with the *Indies* in his Possession? His own great Talents, back'd by a most able Ministry, might have made a more successful Push for Universal Monarchy than his Predecessor \* *Charles V.* Upon the Treaty of *Utrecht*, my Lord *Oxford's* Enemies

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\* *Charles V.* was both *Emperor* and *King of Spain*; and every Body knows how much Blood his aiming at Universal Monarchy cost *Europe*.



mies seemed to fear, that King *Philip's* Renunciation of his Right to the Crown of *France* was not sufficient : The late Lord *Oxford* openly declared, that he did not rely himself upon *Philip's* Renunciation, but that such Accidents must probably happen, as would create a *Misunderstanding* between *France* and *Spain*, and render it impossible for the two Crowns of those Kingdoms to fall upon one Head ; or, in other Words, that *The Treaty of Utrecht would execute itself*. I remember the Whigs all laughed at this Position ; and, I must confess, I was in the Number of those who thought it a very extraordinary one : Yet let us see what has really happened. The late Duke of *Orleans*, when Regent of *France*, found himself so strongly opposed by the *Spanish Faction*, that he was obliged to court the *Alliance* (I had almost said the *Protection*) of *Great Britain*. He was, perhaps, altering his Measures a little before he died ; but Providence having taken him away at a most fortunate Time for this Island, the Breach between the *French* and *Spanish* Courts grew wider than ever. The Infanta, though she had been so formally contracted to the *French* King,

though she had been received with so much Solemnity, and entertained so long in *France*, was now sent back into her own Country, to get a new Husband where she could find one. We are assured by our Political Writers of all Sides, that the Queen of *Spain* does not want Spirit, and has the utmost Influence upon the Councils of that Kingdom. The sending back her Daughter affected her in the most *tender* Points, as a *Woman*, a *Mother*, and a *Queen*. She is allow'd to have resented it accordingly ; nay, what is more, the whole *Spanish* Nation, jealous of the Honour of their King, resented the Affront which they conceived was put upon his Family. *Spain* therefore at this Time looked out for a *new Ally* ; for some *friendly State* who might *protect* her against *France*, if there should be Occasion for it ; or assist her, at a *proper Season*, to *revenge* the Affront she imagined she had received. In this Juncture she cast her Eyes upon *England*, and would gladly have flung herself into our Arms. The Author of the Famous *Enquiry* (a Book allowed to be wrote by the *Direction*, and with the *Assistance* of the *Ministry*) ingenuously owns, that *Spain* at this Time offered us the

*Medi-*

*Mediation*, and intreated us to become *Umpires* between *herself* and *France*. Here then, in the Opinion of some, was that *great*, that *happy Crisis*, in which *England* might justly have cry'd out,

— *Quod optanti Divûm promittere  
nemo*

*Auderet,volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.*

Some Men are humbly of Opinion, that if we had acted in this *great Crisis*, as it is probable enough *Queen Elizabeth* would have done; if we had sent a dexterous Minister to the *French* and *Spanish* Courts, who might at least have kept *open*, if not a little *widened* the Breach between the two Crowns, while at the same Time, in the Quality of *Mediators*, we had favoured *Spain*; I say, some People are humbly of Opinion, that had *Great Britain* acted thus, she must at this Time have been the real *favourite Nation* with *Spain*, have had all imaginable Indulgence in her *Trade to the Indies*, have been in Possession of the most *valuable Commerce* in the World, and, properly speaking, have held the *Ballance* of *Europe*.

*O for-*

*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Anglicenæ! —*

I COULD never yet hear any Reason given for our not accepting the *Mediation* offered us by *Spain*, but that it would not have been agreeable to some Engagements we were under to *France*. This was indeed, in a *modish Phrase*, to *carry our Fidelity to a Nicety*, I had almost said, to a *Romantick Nicety*. Thus much I will venture to assert, that if we are so very *nice* in observing all Articles of Agreement with our *Good Friends* and *Allies*, if no Prospect of *Advantage* can tempt us to stain our *unblemished Honour*, or break through an hasty Engagement, we do certainly deserve to be treated in the same Manner by our Friends, who doubtless will *fly* to our Assistance, should we ever happen to be insulted by our Enemies; and yet I do not remember, that when *Spain*, upon our slighting her Friendship, had united herself to another Power, and actually besieged *Gibraltar*, I say, I do not remember that in this Day of our *Distress*, any of our Allies made a Diversion with their



their Land Forces in our Favour, or sent a single Ship to our Assistance. I have said thus much to shew, that neither our *Reputation*, nor our *Affairs*, were by any Means in a *despicable* Condition, after the *Peace* made by the late Lord *Oxford*; upon whom I cannot help making two farther Observations. He *formed* and *established* the *South-Sea Company*, which, though it has been *since* made an *Instrument* to perpetrate the greatest Villanies, was, perhaps, as great a *National Benefit* in its first Formation, and might have been made to serve as *Noble Ends*, as any one Thing that has been set on foot by any *English* Minister in this Age. My next Observation is of a kind, that had *Plutarch* been to write the Life of this Noble Lord, that Historian would have thought this *one* Observation contain'd in itself, the highest *Panegyrick* upon a Man who had passed through so many great Posts. It is this: The late Earl of *Oxford*, though he had been several Times *Speaker of the House of Commons*; though he had been *Secretary of State*, and *Lord Treasurer*; though he had formed a Company which made Government-Securities that were at 40 *per Cent*.

Discount fell at *Par* ; after all this, *Died poor.*

It is true, that his Son is in Possession of a noble Estate : He married a Lady, who, perhaps, was the greatest Fortune of any *Subject* in *Europe* ; and as, besides her vast Fortune, she brought to his Arms a most beautiful *Person*, animated by a *Mind*, in which every *Noble Quality* is highly *conspicuous*, his Lordship seems, at first Sight, to be as fair a Mark for *Envy*, as any one Man in *Great Britain* ; yet before that *Hag* fastens her Teeth upon him, I would beg her to remember, that his Estate did not arise from the *Blood* and *Ruin* of his Fellow-Subjects ; that it was acquired by a Method which any Gentleman in *England* might, at least, have attempted, and was apparently owing to his own *Personal Merit*.

I HAVE made a Digression, for some Reasons your Majesty may easily guess, upon the late Lord *Oxford's* Politicks ; though I first only mentioned him upon the Account of his Behaviour to Men of Genius and Letters. He was seconded in this Part of his Con-

duct by another Gentleman then in the Ministry, with whom Mr. ADDISON being one Day invited to dine, could not help saying to a Friend, for whom he had no Secrets, That *He was heartily sorry his Principles forced him to oppose one of the greatest and most accomplished Men he had ever seen; and in whose Conversation he could have thought himself so truly happy.* This Gentleman has of late (I don't know why) been a good deal talked of; and a certain *Hero* has with great Intrepidity attacked a Man who has both his Hands tied behind him. The very Enemies of this Gentleman are forced to allow him a vast Capacity; but then they add, that he has a constant Eye upon his *own Interest*. Be it so: Is it impossible to make it his *Interest* to employ those great Talents Nature has given him in the real Service of his Country? or at least not to keep him distinguished in so *particular* a Manner from the rest of his Fellow-Subjects, as must be a little grating to a Man of any Spirit; especially if this be done, as his Friends seem to insinuate, in Breach of a *formal Agreement*? I have heard it *strongly affirmed*, though never *fully proved*, that he

he has betrayed the Pretender. I can say nothing to this Fact; yet if it be true, I can never believe he is now endeavouring to make a Person our *King*, under whose Reign, he himself, in all Probability, would be the *first* Man in *England* that lost his Head. An *open Enemy* may much sooner hope for Pardon, than a *false Friend*: To be betray'd by a Person whom he has greatly trusted, is one of the last Crimes that a Prince of common Sense would ever forgive.

THE late Lord *Godolphin*, Lord *Sommers*, and Lord *Halifax*, were every one of them very great Encouragers of Men of *Parts* and *Learning*: The last was so remarkable upon this Account, that it made him very justly be stiled, by way of Distinction, the *Mæcenas* of the present Age.

THERE cannot, perhaps, be a stronger Instance of the kind Manner in which this noble Lord treated every Man who had even the smallest Pretensions to a Genius, than his taking into the Number of his Acquaintance an Humble Servant of your Majesty's; I mean one Mr. *Budgell*. I am pretty well assured that  
your



your Majesty knows he honoured this Gentleman with his Confidence. Your Majesty I believe has heard of a *certain Baronet*, who most shamefully abused that Confidence the late Lord *Halifax* generously reposed in him: I never yet imitated his Example; and hope I shall not be charged with doing so at present, though I venture to tell your Majesty *one Story* of that great Man.

Mr. ADDISON and I, had the Honour to accompany his Lordship when he went down to *Greenwich* to wait upon the late King. A little before we went, he took us into his Library, and with an Air that spoke the infinite Satisfaction of his Mind, expressed himself, as nearly as I can remember, in these very Words. “ Well, *Gentlemen*, we have at length  
 “ gained a compleat Victory: The *Hanover*  
 “ Succession takes place, the King is land-  
 “ ed, and we shall soon have the Pleasure  
 “ to kiss his Hand: You are so much my  
 “ Friends, that I must tell you plainly I  
 “ expect to have the *White-Staff*; and I  
 “ have been long considering, and am come to  
 “ a Resolution how to behave: I came into  
 “ the World with little or no Fortune; e-  
 “ very

“ very Man will try to make his private  
“ Circumstances *Easy* ; I thank God I have  
“ made mine so: I have got more Money  
“ than it is perhaps proper every body  
“ should know ; and I am come to a full Re-  
“ solution to set up my *Rest*, as to that  
“ Point, where I am. I have been in my  
“ Time in a good deal of hot Water, and as  
“ deeply engaged in Parties as most Men.  
“ To say the Truth, I have done a good  
“ many Things in the *Spirit of Party*,  
“ which, when I reflect upon seriously, I am  
“ heartily ashamed of; I resolve, by the Help  
“ of God, to make King *George* the First not  
“ the *Head of a Party*, but the *King* of a  
“ glorious *united Nation*. To be sure, a  
“ great many People must be removed from  
“ their Posts : The Tories themselves can’t  
“ expect it should be otherwise ; and ’twould  
“ be the highest Ingratitude not to reward  
“ several Gentlemen, who have born the  
“ *Heat of the Day*, and run all Hazards for  
“ the sake of the House of *Hanover* : Yet  
“ at the same Time, if his Majesty will take  
“ my Advice, there shall be no *Cruelties*, no  
“ *Barbarities* committed : Every worthless  
“ Fellow that has called himself a *Whig*, got  
“ drunk,

“ drunk, and bawled at an Election, shall not  
“ displace a Man of ten Times his own Me-  
“ rit, only because he is a *reputed Tory*. I  
“ think I know that Party : Some of them did  
“ mean the Pretender ; but yet there are  
“ others among them that are as worthy Men  
“ as ever lived. *It is Time the Nation*  
“ *should be united* : We shall then indeed be  
“ a *formidable* People. I hope this glorious  
“ Work has been reserved by Providence for  
“ the Reign of his Present Majesty. I have  
“ told you already, that I do not propose to  
“ lay up a Farthing out of the Profits of my  
“ Post : I design to live in such a Manner,  
“ as I hope shall be no Dishonour to my Ma-  
“ ster ; and I will, if possible, put an End to the  
“ scandalous Practice of buying Places. I  
“ am firmly resolved to recommend no Man  
“ for a *Post in the Government*, but such  
“ an one as I have reason to believe a *Man*  
“ *of Merit*, and who will be a *Credit* to his  
“ *Country* and his *King*. As for you, *Ad-*  
“ *dison*, as soon as I have got the *Staff*  
“ my self, I intend to recommend you to  
“ his Majesty, for one of his Secretaries of  
“ State.

Mr. ADDISON, and I believe very sincerely, told his Lordship, that he did not aim at so high a Post; and desired him to remember, that he was not a *Speaker* in the *House of Commons*. Lord *Halifax* briskly replied, *Come, prithee Addison, no unseasonable Modesty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very View: Thou hast now the best Right of any Man in England to be Secretary of State; Nay, 'twill be a sort of displacing thee, not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly Sheepishness of thine, that makes thee sit in the House, and hear a Fellow prate for half an Hour together, who has not a tenth Part of thy good Sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe that's impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy Pen has already been an Honour to thy Country, and, I dare say, will be a Credit to thy King.*

WITH these Sentiments Lord *Halifax* waited upon his late Majesty at *Greenwich*; where he soon found that he had been a little too *sanguine*. It is no great Secret, that during the short Stay his Majesty made at the  
*Hague,*



*Hague*, he received other Impressions than those he had when he left *Hanover*. He was told by some Persons, that *If he made a Lord Treasurer, he would make a greater Man than himself*. The Merit of making the *Barrier Treaty* ( a Treaty which had been condemned in Parliament, and which some good Whigs thought a very extraordinary one) had been so pompously displayed, that when his Majesty landed, a noble Lord, who lately retired from Business, had the best Interest in him of any *Englishman*. Measures were taken very different from those which the late Lord *Halifax* thought would have been most for the Service of his King and his Country. He had never that Credit with his Royal Master which his Services had made him conceive, at least, that he really merited ; and all his Friends know that he had determined to resign his Post in the Treasury a little before his Death. Some People are of Opinion, that had those moderate Measures been pursued, to which my Lord *Halifax* was inclined, and in which the late Mr. *Addison* entirely agreed with him, we should not have seen so many *horrid Executions*, and *Scaffolds* stained with *Blood*. I shall not pretend to determine that

Point: Yet thus much I will venture to assert, That if any Minister can be wicked enough to foment, and keep up *Parties* and *Divisions* in a Nation, for no other Reason, but that his *own Conduct* may not be examined, or that he may have an Opportunity of raising a vast Fortune from *Pardons* and *Confiscations*; such a Minister would be the severest Scourge with which Heaven in its Wrath could possibly inflict a miserable People; and that should it at last think their *Sins*, however *great*, had been sufficiently punished, should it suffer them to *open their Eyes*, and see by what *Engines*, and with what *Designs* they had been made to *worry* and *destroy* one another, they must fall with uncommon Fury upon the *wicked Cause* of all their *Miseries*. I shall apply this *general Position* thus far to my own Countrymen in *particular*: I hope no *Arts* will ever prevail upon us, to consider our selves so much as *Whigs* and *Tories*, till we are brought intirely to *forget* what it *chiefly* concerns us to *remember*, namely, *That we are all Englishmen*.

As I am sensible how glad some People would be to put an ill Construction upon my Words, I must declare, That nothing in the preceding Paragraphs is meant as a *Reflection* upon his late Majesty: That *amiable Prince* had, without Dispute, a Soul above *Pride*, and full of *Humanity*. It was *his* great Misfortune, as well as *ours*, that he did not speak our Language; and that besides this great Impediment, some about him endeavoured, as much as possible, to prevent his being *acquainted* with his *Subjects*: Nor can there be a greater Instance, how far a Good-natured Prince may be influenced to do hard Things, than his late Majesty's frowning upon a *Son*, who was the *Ornament* and *Support* of his Throne; a Fact I should not mention, if it was not too notoriously known to escape being recorded in *History*. As to the late Lord *Halifax*, I *loved* him when *living*; I still *honour* and *respect* his Memory; and hope, that though I have related his Sentiments in the same *frank Manner* he spoke them to two Persons in whom he confided, the Story is not much to his Disadvantage

I HAVE flung into the Appendix, a short Sketch of this great Man's *Character*, (extracted from a Pamphlet published some Years since;) in which I hope my Enemies will hardly dare to say I flattered him, since I drew it after his *Death*, and when I was very well assured it could not turn to my *Advantage* \*.

I MAY seem to have digressed a little from the Subject I was upon, *viz. The Liberty of the Press*; yet from what I have said it may be observed, that the *great Men* of all *Parties* since the Revolution, *Whigs* and *Tories*, have left us this *inestimable* Branch of our *Liberties*; and that while their *Actions* have been such as would bear being *defended*, and they have treated Men of Parts with that *Humanity* which is justly due to them, they have not been afraid of the *Liberty of the Press*.

I SHALL not deny, but that should some Minister, for our Sins, be placed over us,  
who

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\* See APPENDIX, Page xvii.



who was wicked enough to stick at nothing to aggrandize himself and his Family; and at the same Time weak enough to oppress and provoke Men of Sense and Genius; if while he is profuse in his Rewards to those who talk such Stuff before a select Assembly, as their Audience are often sick with hearing, he makes no Scruple to injure those who can speak to a whole Nation, and engage their Attention; I say, I shall not deny, but that such a *Minster*, with such a *Conduct*, might have great Reason to dread and apprehend the *Liberty of the Press*. He might very justly fear that his Picture would be drawn in Colours more lasting than Sir *Godfrey Kneller's*, be delivered down to Posterity in its full Deformity, and, perhaps, with some of its worst Features a little aggravated. I believe I may very safely affirm, that a Man of a liberal Education, and a noble Genius, had much rather *commend* than *censure*; that he has naturally an Aversion to Satire; and never uses it, but either when he is obliged to do so in his own just Defence, or when he conceives the Objects of his Satires are altogether incorrigible by milder Methods.

*Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile  
vulnus*

*Ense rescidendum est. —*

WHEN the Cause of his Country, or his own personal Injuries call loudly upon him, a Man of Parts may lawfully use that Weapon which *God* and *Nature* has put into his Hands; and a late celebrated Author has observed in his *Characteristicks*, That *in a Country where there is any Freedom, Writers of real Ability and Merit can do themselves Justice whenever they are injured, and are ready furnished with Means sufficient to make themselves considered by the Men in highest Power.*

It is not impossible but your Majesty may at present be so much in Love with *Nobility*, as to think no Doctrine *orthodox*, but what comes from the Pen of a *Person of Quality*. If this be the Case, it is proper I should let you know, that the Writer I last quoted is the late Earl of *Shaftesbury*. I find what this *noble Author* says in one of his *Essays*, is so much to my present Purpose,

pose, that I shall quote some Part of it, and venture to recommend it, not only to your Majesty's Consideration, but to the Consideration of all *Grandees* and *Potentates* in general, for whose *Use* and *Benefit* it evidently was designed.

“ NOBLES and *Princes* must remember,  
“ that their *Fame* is in the Hands of *Pen-*  
“ *men*; and that the greatest Actions lose  
“ their Force and perish, in the Custody of  
“ unable and mean Writers. Let a Nation  
“ remain ever so rude or barbarous, it must  
“ have its *Poets*, *Historiographers*, and  
“ *Antiquaries* of some kind or other, whose  
“ Business it will be to recount its remark-  
“ able Transactions, and record the Atchieve-  
“ ments of its *Civil* and *Military* Heroes.  
“ And though *the Military Kind* may hap-  
“ pen to be the farthest removed from any  
“ Acquaintance with *Letters*, or the *Muses*,  
“ they are yet, in Reality, the most interest-  
“ ed in the Cause and Party of these *Re-*  
“ *membrancers*. The greatest Share of  
“ Fame and Admiration, falls naturally on  
“ the *armed* Worthies. The Great in Coun-  
“ cil are second in the *Muses* Favour. But  
“ if

“ if worthy poetick *Genius's* are not found,  
 “ nor *able Penmen* raised, to rehearse the  
 “ Lives, and celebrate the high Actions of  
 “ Great Men, they must be traduced by such  
 “ *Recorders* as Chance presents. We have  
 “ few *Modern Heroes*, who, like *Xenophon*  
 “ or *Cæsar*, can write their own *Commenta-*  
 “ *ries*. And the raw *Memoir-Writings*,  
 “ and unformed Pieces of *Modern States-*  
 “ *men*, full of their interested and private  
 “ Views, will, in another Age, be of little  
 “ Service to support their Memory, or Name;  
 “ since already the World begins to sicken  
 “ with the Kind. 'Tis the learned, the able,  
 “ and disinterested *Historian* who takes place  
 “ at last. And when the *signal Poet*, or  
 “ *Herald of Fame* is once heard, the infe-  
 “ rior Trumpets sink in Silence and Obli-  
 “ vion.

“ But supposing it were possible for the  
 “ *Hero*, or *Statesman*, to be absolutely un-  
 “ concerned for his *Memory*, or what came  
 “ after him; yet for the present merely, and  
 “ during his own Time, it must be of Impor-  
 “ tance to him to stand fair with the Men of  
 “ *Letters* and *Ingenuity*, and to have the Cha-



“ racter and Repute of being favourable to  
“ their Art. Be the illustrious Person ever  
“ so high or awful in his Station, he must  
“ have Descriptions made of him, in *Verse*  
“ and *Prose*, under feigned or real Appel-  
“ lations. If he be omitted in sound *Ode*, or  
“ lofty *Epick*, he must be sung at least in  
“ *Doggrel* and *plain Ballad*. The People  
“ will needs have his *Effigies*, tho’ they see  
“ his *Person* ever so rarely : And if he re-  
“ fuses to sit to the good Painter, there are  
“ others, who, to oblige the Publick, will  
“ take the Design in hand. We shall take  
“ up with what presents ; and, rather than  
“ be without the *illustrious Physiognomy* of  
“ our *Great Man*, shall be contented to see  
“ him portraited by the Artist who serves  
“ to illustrate Prodigies in *Fairs*, and adorn  
“ heroick *Sign-Posts*. The ill Paint of this  
“ kind cannot, it’s true, disgrace his Excel-  
“ lency ; whose Privilege it is, in common  
“ with the Royal Issue, to be raised to this  
“ Degree of Honour, and to invite the Pas-  
“ senger or Traveller by his *Signal Repre-*  
“ *sentative*. ’Tis supposed in this Case,  
“ that there are better Pictures current of the  
“ Hero ; and that such as these, are no true

“ or

“ or favourable Representations : But in  
 “ another sort of Limning, there is great  
 “ Danger lest the Hand should disgrace  
 “ the Subject. Vile *Encomiums* and wretch-  
 “ ed *Panegyricks* are the worst of *Sa-*  
 “ *tires* ; and when *sordid* and *low* Genius’s  
 “ make their Court successfully in one Way,  
 “ the *generous* and *able* are aptest to revenge  
 “ it in another.

“ ALL Things considered, as to the Interest  
 “ of our *Potentates* and *Grandees*, they ap-  
 “ pear to have only *this Choice* left ’em, either  
 “ wholly, if possible, to *suppress Letters*, or  
 “ give a helping Hand towards their Support.  
 “ Wherever the *Author-Practice* and *Liber-*  
 “ *ty of the Pen* has in the *least* prevailed, the  
 “ Governors of the State must be either con-  
 “ siderable *Gainers* or *Sufferers* by its Means ;  
 “ so that ’twould become them either by  
 “ a right *Turkish Policy* to strike directly  
 “ at the *Profession*, and *overthrow* the very  
 “ *Art* and *Mystery* itself, or with Alacrity  
 “ to support and encourage it in the right  
 “ Manner, by a *generous* and *impartial* Re-  
 “ gard to *Merit*. To act *narrowly*, or by  
 “ *Halves* ; or with *Indifference* and *Coolness* ;  
 “ or

“ or *fantastically*, and by *Humour* merely,  
“ will scarce be found to turn to their Ac-  
“ count. They must do *Justice*, that *Justice*  
“ may be done them in Return. ’Twill be  
“ in vain for our *Alexanders* to give Or-  
“ ders, that none besides a *Lisippus* should  
“ make their Statue ; nor any besides an  
“ *Apelles* should draw their Picture. In-  
“ solent Intruders will do themselves the  
“ Honour to practise on the *Features* of these  
“ *Heroes* ; and a vile *Chærilus*, after all,  
“ shall, with their *own Consent*, perhaps,  
“ supply the room of a *deserving* and *noble*  
“ Artist.

“ IN a Government where the *People* are  
“ *Sharers in Power*, but no *Distributers*  
“ or *Dispensers* of Rewards, they expect it  
“ of their *Princes* and *Great Men*, that they  
“ should supply the *generous Part*, and be-  
“ stow *Honour* and *Advantage* on those from  
“ whom the *Nation* itself may receive *Ho-*  
“ *nour* and *Advantage* : ’Tis expected, that  
“ they who are high and eminent in the  
“ *State*, should not only provide for its ne-  
“ cessary Safety and Subsistence, but omit  
“ nothing which may contribute to its *Dig-*  
“ *nity*

“ *nity* and *Honour*. The *Arts* and *Sciences*  
“ must not be left *Patronless*. The Pub-  
“ lick itself will join with the good *Wits*  
“ and *Judges*, in the Resentment of such a  
“ Neglect. ’Tis no small Advantage, even in  
“ an *absolute Government*, for a *Ministry*  
“ to have *Wit* on their Side, and engage  
“ *Men of Merit* in this kind, to be their *Well-*  
“ *Wishers* and *Friends*: And in those *States*  
“ where ambitious Leaders often contend for  
“ the supreme Authority, ’tis a considerable  
“ Advantage to the *ill Cause* of such *Pre-*  
“ *tenders*, when they can obtain a Name and  
“ Interest with the *Men of Letters*. The  
“ good Emperor *Trajan*, though himself no  
“ mighty Scholar, had his Due, as well as  
“ an *Augustus*; and was as highly celebra-  
“ ted for his *Munificence*, and just *Encou-*  
“ *agement* of every *Art* and *Virtue*. And  
“ *Cæsar*, who could *write* so well himself,  
“ and maintained his Cause by *Wit*, as well  
“ as by *Arms*, knew experimentally what  
“ it was to have even a *Catullus* his Enemy;  
“ and though *lashed* so often in in his *Lam-*  
“ *poons*, continued to *forgive* and *court* him.  
“ The *Traytor* knew the Importance of this  
“ *Mildness*. May none who have the same  
“ Designs



“ Designs, understand so well the Advan-  
“ tages of such a Conduct! I would have  
“ required only this *one Defect* in *Cæsar’s*  
“ *Generosity*, to have been secure of his ne-  
“ ver rising to Greatness, or *enslaving* his na-  
“ tive Country: Let him have shewn a  
“ *Ruggedness* and *Austerity* towards free  
“ *Genius’s*, or a *Neglect* or *Contempt* to-  
“ wards Men of *Wit*; let him have trusted  
“ to his *Arms*, and declared against *Arts*  
“ and *Letters*; and he would have proved a  
“ second *Marius*, or a *Cataline* of meaner  
“ Fame and Character.

“ ’Tis, I know, the Imagination of some  
“ who are called *Great Men*, that in regard  
“ of their high Stations, they may be esteem-  
“ ed to pay a sufficient Tribute to *Letters*,  
“ and discharge themselves, as to their own  
“ Part in particular, if they chuse indiffe-  
“ rently *any Subject* for their Bounty, and  
“ are pleased to confer their Favours either  
“ on some one Pretender to Art, or promif-  
“ cuously to such of the Tribe of Writers,  
“ whose chief Ability has lain in making  
“ their Court well, and obtaining to be in-  
“ troduced to their Acquaintance. This  
“ they

“ they think sufficient to instal them *Pa-*  
 “ *trons of Wit*, and Masters of the literate  
 “ Order. But this Method will, of any other,  
 “ the *least* serve their Interest or Design.  
 “ *The Ill-placing of Rewards, is a double In-*  
 “ *jury to Merit, and in every Cause or In-*  
 “ *terest passes for worse than mere Indiffe-*  
 “ *rence or Neutrality.* There can be no Ex-  
 “ cuse for making an ill *Choice.* Merit in  
 “ every kind is easily discovered, when  
 “ sought : The *Publick* itself fails not to  
 “ give sufficient Indication, and points out  
 “ those Genius’s, who want only *Countenance*  
 “ and *Encouragement* to become considerable.  
 “ *An ingenious Man never starves unknown ;*  
 “ and *Great Men* must *wink hard*, or ’twould  
 “ be impossible for them to miss such advan-  
 “ tageous Opportunities of shewing their  
 “ *Generosity*, and acquiring the universal Es-  
 “ teem, Acknowledgments, and good Wishes  
 “ of the *ingenious* and *learned* Part of Man-  
 “ kind.”

THESE are the Sentiments of the late Earl  
 of *Shaftesbury* ; whose Breast was warmed  
 with the justest Notions of *Liberty, Honour,*  
 and *Humanity* ; and whose Loss would have  
 been

been scarce supportable to those who *personally* knew him, if he had not left a *Son* behind him, who seems to inherit not only his *Estate*, but his *Virtues*.

My Lord *Shaftesbury* is of Opinion, that A Nation can hardly be *enslaved*, while Men of *Parts* and *Learning* defend her *Liberties* and *Interest*; and that even *Cæsar* himself, with all his great Qualities, would not have been able to *subvert* the *Roman* Constitution, if he had not with infinite *Address*, and by a most uncommon *Generosity*, engaged the *Men of Wit* to be of his *Party*. I hope for the sake of *Liberty*, this noble Author's Observation is *true*: The World has not at present a Multitude of *Cæsars*; and, as bad as the Age is, I myself have known one or two Instances, where Men of distinguished *Parts* and *Learning*, have refused all Offers of *private* Advantage to themselves, when they have imagined their receiving them would have been inconsistent with the *Good* of their *Country*. The noble Author last quoted is likewise of Opinion, that it would be highly for the Interest of such *Grandees*, and *Governors of the State*, as would fain be

[ Q ]

*Tyrants,*

*Tyrants*, and have not got the Men of Parts on their Side, to imitate the *Turkish Policy*; To take away the *Liberty of the Pen*, to suppress *Letters* entirely, and overthrow the very *Art* and *Mystery* of *Learning*. I fully agree with his Lordship upon this Head; and as shocking as this *Scheme of Politics* may seem, which his Lordship asserts would be for the *Interest* of a certain Sort of *Potentates* and *Grandeess*, it is nothing more than what two famous *Tyrants* used their utmost Endeavours to put in Execution; I mean *Caligula*, and an Emperor who reigned in *China* about two thousand Years since. It seems neither of these two worthy Gentlemen cared to have his *Virtues* and *Exploits* recorded in *History*; or compared with those of some *other Emperors*: They therefore burnt all the *Books* and *Libraries* they could lay their Hands upon, and made it *penal* for any Man to be a *Writer*: Learning, however, had the good Fortune to survive both of them, and History has taken her full Revenge upon them: She has given us their Pictures in such Colours, that their Names and Memories are detested by all Men.



SHOULD any Minister arise in this Island, who should offer to make the least Attempt upon the *Liberty of the Press*, I hope, from what has been said, my Countrymen will easily guess what it is he is aiming at : And here I must observe, that should such a Minister carry on such expensive Prosecutions, at the Publick Charge, against any Writer he did not like, as a Man of a moderate Fortune was not able to defend himself against, such a Proceeding would be almost the same Thing, as taking away the *Liberty of the Press* by an Act of Parliament. I must likewise take Notice of that *Doctrine of Innuendoes*, which some People have endeavoured to make pass for *Orthodox* : If I was bid to define it, I know not how to do it better, than by declaring, that it seems to me to be *A very extraordinary Liberty which one Man assumes, of declaring what another Man meant.* Mens *Actions* are undoubtedly punishable by *human Laws* ; but their *Meanings* and *Intentions* seem most proper to be determined before a much higher Tribunal, than any established in *Westminster-Hall* ; I mean, before that great Tribunal, where in

due Time the *Secrets* of all Hearts will be laid *open*. I hope, therefore, I shall never live to see an *Englishman* *innuendo'd* out of his *Life*, his *Liberty*, or his *Fortune* : If there was but a very little Improvement made upon this *Doctrin*e of *Innuendo's*, and one Man should take upon him to judge when another must speak *ironically*, it is the Opinion of some, that almost every Author in *England*, who has wrote a Dedication to a Great Man, might be brought within the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* ; A Statute which was doubtless *nicely* calculated to preserve the *Liberties* of a *free People*.

LIBERTY is a Lady of exquisite Beauty : One of our best Poets falls into a sort of Rapture at her very Name.

O LIBERTY! *thou Goddess heavenly bright,*  
*Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight!*  
*Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,*  
*And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train;*  
*Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,*  
*And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight;*

*Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,  
Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day.*

ADDISON.

But then this same *Lady*, like other *great Beauties*, is extremely apprehensive of having any *Attempt* made upon her. Should any *desperate Russian* but offer to clap a *Gag* in her *Mouth*, she would certainly conclude, (as most of her Sex would in the same Circumstances,) that she was first to be *ravished*, and then *murdered*.

THE *Romans* were so extremely jealous of their *Liberty*, and knew so well how apt *Mens Heads* are to be turned by *Power* and *Flattery*, that they took Care to give their greatest *Heroes* a little *Mortification*, even in the *Midst* of their most solemn *Triumphs*. If we may guess from some *Descriptions* which are left us of a *Roman Triumph*, it was certainly one of the most glorious *Sights* in the *World*. The vast *Quantity* of rich *Spoils* which were usually carried along upon this *Occasion*, The *Shouts* and *Songs* of a victorious *Army* crowned with *Laurel*, and a *Multitude* of *Captives* which closed the

Shew ; all added the utmost Lustre to the Solemnity : In the Midst of these rode the Victor himself in his Triumphal Chariot, while all the Streets and Buildings in *Rome*, from the *Gate* at which he entered, quite up to the *Capitol*, were filled with a prodigious Number of his Fellow-Citizens, who, as he passed by them, showered down Millions of Blessings upon the Man who had done such signal Services for his Country. The *Romans* allowed all this as a Reward to *Merit*, and for the *Dignity* of their Commonwealth ; but for fear the Conqueror should grow too *conceited* with so many Acclamations, and Shouts of Applause, they obliged him to let a *Common Slave* ride with him in his Triumphal Chariot.

————— *Et sibi Consul*

*Ne placeat, curru Servus portatur eodem.*

Juv.

The Senate themselves took care to shew their Dislike of any Man who gave the least Sign of an uncommon *Insolence* or *Vanity* ; of which, I beg Leave to give your Majesty a very remarkable Instance.

MARIUS



MARIUS, was without Dispute, a good Soldier, and had done his Country some Service ; but made it too soon appear, that he intended nothing more than to satisfy his own *Avarice* and *Ambition* : In a Word, that he was cruel, ungrateful, vain, and insolent. When the Solemnity of his Triumph over *Jugurtha* was ended, he called the Senate together, and had the *consummate Assurance* to enter that illustrious Assembly in his *Triumphal Robe*. This *vain Fellow* was weak enough to imagine, that while he was thus distinguished in his *Dress* from every other Senator, his *Speeches* would have a more than usual *Weight*, and that he might govern the Senate as he pleased. He found himself terribly mistaken ; and that the Eyes of a *Roman Senate* were not to be dazzled by an *embroidered Gown* : All the Assembly looked upon the *uncommon Appearance* of this *insolent Plebeian*, with the utmost Contempt and Indignation. *Marius*, though remarkable for a most *profligate Assurance*, could not bear the Eyes of a *Roman Senate*, whose Looks sufficiently informed him what they thought of him. He found it extremely proper to

*Retire*, to put off his *Embroidered Gown*, and return habited like other Senators of his own Rank. The *Vanity* of his *Attempt* was not, however, forgot : It discovered such an uncommon Stock of *Pride* and *Insolence*, that many observing Men were the less surprized, when, a few Years after, they saw the Streets of *Rome* wet with the *Blood* of her best *Citizens*, who were sacrificed to the *Jealousy* and *Avarice* of this wicked and rapacious Man.

THE greatest Check we have in *Great Britain*, upon the Actions of such Men as may think themselves above the Reach of the Law, is the *Liberty of the Press* : We have enjoyed this Mark of *Freedom* pretty quietly ever *since* the *Revolution*. If we have seen any Men in Power since that Time, do such Things as they did not care the Publick should be put upon observing, What would they have done, had the *Liberty of the Press* been taken away !

I MUST own, I am under the less Apprehensions of our losing this inestimable Branch of our Liberty, because, I find, that all Men, though

though of different Parties and Opinions, who have any Sense of *Shame* or *Liberty* left, are of the *same Opinion*, upon this Important Subject.

I CANNOT omit in this Place doing a Piece of Justice to a Reverend Prelate, who has been frequently accused, of late, of having acted directly contrary to those Principles he *once* professed. I have neither *Time*, nor *Inclination* to examine whether this Charge be, or be not *true* in Fact; or if it be true, whether what his Lordship has done, has proceeded from a Desire to get a better Bishoprick, or from a real Error in his Judgment; or, lastly, from his having received great personal Favours from a certain Gentleman: These have sometimes so strongly affected a *grateful Mind*, that they have made very valuable Men do Things which neither their Friends, nor themselves, once imagined they could have been capable of: But without entering into any of these Enquiries, what I would here take notice of, is a Declaration in Print which his Lordship has lately made to this Effect, *viz.* *That he shall ever be for maintaining the LIBERTY*

OF THE PRESS, *sacred and inviolable*, even though he was sure every Week of being exposed to the Publick, with all the Wit and Malice his Enemies are Masters of. This handsome Declaration, I hope, his greatest Enemies will have the Ingenuity to own, is exactly conformable to those Principles he formerly professed. It must, I think be allowed, that few Men in *England* have made a larger Use of the *Liberty of the Press*, than his Lordship has done, who has publickly maintained several Points in Opposition to the Sense of the *Convocation*, and to some of the *greatest* and most *learned* Divines of our established Church: After this, I must own, that could I but suspect his Lordship had any Hand in a Design either to *abridge*, or *take away* this Branch of our Liberties, I should look upon him as one of the most notorious and despicable *Hypocrites*, that ever appeared in any Age. I will go still farther: Should this invaluable Branch of the *British* Liberties ever happen to be attacked, if his Lordship did not employ all his *Abilities* and *Interest* in the Defence of it; if he did not *write*, *speak*, and *solicite*, in good Earnest, against any *Bill* which struck, though never  
so



so *remotely*, at the *Liberty of the Press*; I should from thenceforward readily believe the worst *Stories* his greatest Enemies report of him. But till I have Reason to doubt his Lordship's *Sincerity* in *this* Particular, I must beg some Gentlemen's Pardon, for whom I have the utmost Respect, if I suspend my Belief of *some Things*; or should even suffer it to lean that Way, where *Good Nature* and *Charity* seem to sollicit it.

I do likewise own to your Majesty, that I cannot possibly believe your Majesty's *Hero* will aim at abolishing the *Liberty of the Press*; because *No Body* ever made a *greater Use* of it than *himself*. When he was a *private Gentleman*, and out of Power, he is allowed by his Friends to have wrote a Pamphlet, which he dedicated to the late Earl of *Oxford*, then *Lord Treasurer*, and in which he arraigns the whole *Conduct* and *Measures* of that noble Lord. But he does not stop here: He declares, in Effect, that the Parliament of *Great Britain* were at that Time a *Set of Corrupt Men*, who would do any Thing they were *bid*, and adhere to his *Lordship* and their *Monosyllables* against the  
loudest

loudest Dictates, either of *Justice*, or their own *Consciences*.

I NEVER yet heard any body doubt, but that your Hero was likewise the Author of a certain Pamphlet, entitled, *The Case of R.W. Esq;* Your Majesty must know, that this *R.W. Esq;* was at that Time a *private Gentleman*, who had *formerly* been in a publick Post, and was expelled the House of Commons for taking more Money in that Post, than they conceived he ought to have done. If this Gentleman was really so *innocent*, as he is represented to be in the Pamphlet I have mentioned, the *British* House of Commons were most certainly guilty of a flagrant *Act of Cruelty and Injustice*; which the Author of this Pamphlet does not at all scruple very strongly to insinuate. I believe no body will venture to assert, that it is not a much higher Piece of Assurance, and much more criminal, (if any Thing of this kind is so,) to censure the Proceedings of that August Assembly, who represent the *British* Nation, than to fall upon any particular Minister. I cannot therefore possibly think, that a Man, who has taken such extraordinary

traordinary Liberties in Print, as I have mentioned, can ever have the *Assurance* to strike at the *Liberty of the Press*: And upon the whole, I do entirely agree with your Majesty, that the Report of his having any such Intention, must certainly be a most *Infamous Forgery*. However, what I have wrote upon this important Subject, may possibly be of Use one Day or other, though it is altogether *unnecessary at this Time*.

I AM likewise of Opinion with your Majesty, that the Report of your Hero's being about to procure an *Act of Indemnity* must be an *infamous Forgery*; And I am of this Opinion for this Reason: If he is really *innocent*, he does not want such an Act. I will go still farther; I hope my Countrymen will never lose that Character they have long had in the World, of being a *generous* and a *good-natured* People: If after all the Clamour that has been raised upon your Majesty's *Hero*, there should nothing more appear against him than a few *Errors in Judgment*, or *Slips of Memory*, his Enemies will be sufficiently covered with *Confusion*; since, I believe and hope, that there

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jeſty, that I am perfectly indifferent, aſto what your Maſteſty ſhall pleaſe to call me ; and yet, let me tell your Maſteſty, that by the Law of *England*, I have as much Right to the Title of *Eſquire*, as ever your Maſteſty had to the *Crown of Sparta*.

YOUR Maſteſty, ſpeaking of your humble Servant, is pleaſed to add immediately after the Words I laſt quoted ;

“ *And did his Ability but equal the Inclination he has diſcovered of diſcharging his Truſt, to the Satisfaction of his Employers, they would by this Choice have given us the beſt Teſtimony they ever produced of a good Judgment.*”

I AM in ſome little Doubt, whether your Maſteſty did not intend this laſt Sentence as a *Compliment* to me. It was the Advice of a very wiſe Man, *Whatever thou doſt, do it with all thy Heart*. The ſhort Character *Cæſar* gave of *Brutus*, was, *Quicquid vult, valdè vult* ; and every Body knows that *Cæſar* loved *Brutus*, as well as any one Man in all *Rome*. I am, for ought I know, in a fair Way of becoming

becoming your Majesty's *Chief Favourite* : Your Majesty seems to be satisfy'd, that my *Intentions* are good, and to apprehend that I am thoroughly in *earnest* : Whatever, therefore, my Success may be, I am well assured, that so gracious a Prince as your Majesty, will readily accept of the *Will* for the *Deed*.

I AM come to the last Paragraph of your Majesty's Letter, which runs thus :

“ *To conclude ; Mr. Budgell has shewn*  
 “ *the most consummate Assurance, to say*  
 “ *no worse of it ; and come into all the*  
 “ *Baseness long practised by our publick De-*  
 “ *famers, in hopes, like them, to fix a Re-*  
 “ *proach without Proof ; and such Conduct*  
 “ *must cause the Abhorrence of every honest*  
 “ *Mind. He may complain ; but it ought to*  
 “ *be without Regard, till his Cause of Com-*  
 “ *plaint is known to be just ; and this would*  
 “ *greatly disappoint his Intentions. In a*  
 “ *Word, he has levelled his Venom at a noble*  
 “ *Person, who, conscious of his own Integrity,*  
 “ *has hitherto triumphed over Malice, and*  
 “ *the most powerful Opposition. He has pas-*  
 “ *sed the most publick Examinations, and had*  
 “ *his*

“ his whole Conduct approved after the  
 “ strictest Scrutinies: His Actions have all  
 “ born that Test in Time, which are a suffi-  
 “ cient Assurance of their finding the fullest  
 “ Approbation from Posterity: What then  
 “ is it possible such a Gentleman should ap-  
 “ prehend from the unjustifiable Outrage of  
 “ so despicable a TOOL as Mr. Budgell ?

I am, Sir,

May 26.  
1730.

Your Humble Servant,

CLEOMENES.

YOUR Majesty, in the Beginning of this  
 Paragraph, is very angry with me for having  
 shewn, what your Majesty is pleased to call  
*a most consummate Assurance*. I hope your  
 Majesty does not apprehend, that I am in-  
 croaching upon the Province of a parti-  
 cular Friend of your Majesty's, or aim-  
 ing to deal in a *Commodity*, which he has  
 determined to *ingross* for his *own proper*  
*Use*. I shall tell your Majesty, with great  
 Freedom, my real Sentiments upon this Head.  
 I am firmly persuaded, that the World would  
 be much happier than it is at present, if while

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there

there are some Men who stick at nothing, and have a *most consummate Assurance*, Men of *Worth* and *Honour* were not too often oppressed with a certain *Timidity* and *faulty Bashfulness*, which prevents them from performing their *Duty*, and doing what they really owe to *God*, their *King*, their *Country*, and *themselves*. The *French* call this sort of *Shame*, very justly, *Une mauvaise honte* ; nor do I remember to have met with any Expression, which exactly answers to this, and is commonly used in any other Language. It is this *blameable*, or ill sort of *Shame*, (that makes Men too solicitous about *Forms* and *Trifles*, and often prevents their doing their *Duty*,) which all *wise Men* have endeavoured to *conquer*.

WE are told, That *Cato* thought the *Customs* and *Manners* of the *Romans* so corrupted, and a Reformation in them so necessary, that he sometimes acted in a different Manner from other People : That he would often appear in the Streets without either his Shoes or Coat ; not from a Principle of *Vanity*, or a silly Affectation of being singular ; but because he maintained, that *A wise Man ought*  
only



*only to blush at what was vicious, and really shameful in itself, and ought to despise all other Sorts of Disgrace.*

LYCURGUS was so much of *Cato's* Opinion, that he ordered the Maids of *Sparta*, at some solemn Feasts and Sacrifices, to dance *stark-naked*, and sing certain Songs, while the *King*, the *Senate*, all the *Men*, and especially the *Batchelors*, stood round them in a Ring. *Lycurgus* had two Designs in making the *Spartan* Virgins appear thus naked in Publick: One was, that he might take away some Part of that too great and *acquired* Female *Bashfulness*, which he thought their Education in other Countries added to what was *natural*. His other Design was to incite *Love* and *Desire* in the *Men*. We are told, accordingly, that a good many *Marriages* were usually made soon after these *solemn Feasts*; from whence some People have inferred, That while the *young Ladies* were dancing naked, the *Men* had the *consummate Assurance* to keep their Eyes open.\* If

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your

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\* However odd this Institution of *Lycurgus's* may appear to some of my Readers, *Plato* (called by the primitive

your Majesty had not quite lost your *Memory*, you could doubtless have set us right in this Particular.

As to the *consummate Assurance*, with which your Majesty is pleased to charge me; if your Majesty means by it, that I did what I thought I owed to my *King*, my *Country*, and *myself*, without *Fear* or *Trembling*, I plead *guilty* to the Indictment: But if your Majesty means any Thing more than this, I am not conscious how I have deserved the Reflection.

As to your Majesty's Assertions in this Paragraph, "*That I come into all the Baseness long practised by publick Defamers, in Hopes, like them, to fix a Reproach without Proof:*" And that "*Such Conduct*" "*must*"

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primitive Christians, the *Divine Plato*) highly approves of it. In his own *Commonwealth*, he is for having the Women learn some Exercises, at which they were to appear *naked*; and declares, That while they are covered with the Robe of *true Modesty*, and ashamed to commit a *base* or a *wicked* Action, they need not blush at any Thing else. In the Christian Account of the Creation, we are told, That *Eve* was *naked* while she was *innocent*; and that *Shame* was the Effect of *Sin*.

“ *must cause the Abhorrence of every honest Mind;*” I am in Hopes I have said so much already to both these Points in my *Introduction*, and particularly in the *State of my Case*, that I need not say any Thing more to them here.

YOUR Majesty proceeds next to a *Panegyrick* upon the *Hero* of your Epistle: You are pleased to tell the World, “ *That I have levelled my Venom at a NOBLE PERSON, who, conscious of his own Integrity, has hitherto triumphed over Malice, and the most powerful Opposition: That This noble Person has passed the most publick Examinations, and had his whole Conduct approved after the strictest Scrutinies: That His Actions have all born that Test in Time, which are a sufficient Assurance of their finding the fullest Approbation from Posterity.*”

Far be it from me, to deny one Syllable of all this, or to doubt the Truth of your Majesty’s Encomiums upon this *Noble Person*. I beg Leave to add one Circumstance, which may possibly give them the more *Weight*; namely, that I do firmly believe no Man living is so well acquainted with all the Virtues of

this Noble Person, as your Majesty. I admire your Majesty's happy Talent at Panegyrick ; yet if so mean a Man as myself may presume to give his Opinion of the Writings of a Monarch, I do think there is something still wanting in your Majesty's Panegyrick upon your Hero. It is confessed on all Hands, that he has some Enemies ; and I am afraid, these wicked People will be apt to apply to your Majesty, and your Panegyrick, that old musty Maxim among the Logicians, *Dolosus versatur in Generalibus* ; that is, *A Man who is on the wrong Side of the Question, and would impose upon his Readers, always deals in Generals* ; that they will pretend a *General Panegyrick* is no Manner of Answer to a Multitude of *particular Charges*. I confess, therefore, I could have wished that your Majesty had condescended to answer some of the Particulars, of which these wicked People accuse your Hero. That your Majesty may do this, when you next appear in Print, I beg Leave to mention some of those *Infamous Forgeries* and *Groundless Scandals*, with which they have attempted to blacken his Character. I shall collect these for  
your



your Majesty's Service, out of their own *Writings*, and chiefly out of the weekly *Lucubrations* of that Impudent Fellow the *Craftsman*.

THE ENEMIES of your Majesty's Hero, pretend, in the first Place, to assert, That *He is full of the meanest, the poorest Jealousy, that every Man was, who pretended to be thought a great Man*: That it has been his *principal Study and Endeavour*, to keep every Man out of publick Business, whom he could but *suspect* of any Thing more than a very *vulgar Capacity*: They are so malicious, as to come to *Particulars* upon this Head: They *name* some of the *best* and *greatest* Men in *England*, to whom, they pretend, that, upon several Occasions, your Majesty's Hero has done very *ill Offices*: They ask with a malicious Snear, *Whether these Men are Jacobites?* or, *Whether it is not notorious to all the World, that they have employed both their Fortunes and Abilities in the Service of the House of Hanover?* And lastly, *What Crime they are guilty of, besides their having greater natural Parts, and more Learning, than we usually see in*

*Men born to ample Fortunes?* I have heard the Enemies of your Majesty's Hero insinuate, that The Arrival of the late Mr. Law\* in Eng-

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\* Having mentioned the late Mr. Law, I cannot help saying, that I believe That Gentleman had juster and clearer Notions of *Trade*, of *Money*, and of *Credit*, than any one Person now living; and that there was something as great in that Scheme which he set on foot in *France*, (where he was not suffered to conduct it his own Way,) as ever entered into the Heart of Man. Upon his first Arrival in *England*, and when the Clamour of the World ran highest against him, I ventured to write a short Thing in his Defence; which made some *Noise*; and which I have incerted in the Appendix, as it gives an Account of a most remarkable Affair; and, I flatter myself, shews some very *Material Differences* between the Plan of the *Mississippi* in *France*, and our ridiculous *South-Sea Business*. I did not think proper to set my *Name* to this *Pamphlet* at the Time it was published; but being assured by several Persons, that Mr. Law had expressed an uncommon Curiosity to know the Author of it, I was at last introduced to him by a Gentleman of great Capacity, and a noble Fortune, who is now in the House of Commons. From that Day I had the Honour of his Acquaintance: He even condescended, now and then, to call at my House, and to spend some Hours with me, *tête à tête*. I have some Reasons to think, that if the late Duke of *Orleans* had lived, Mr. Law would have been once more at the Head of Affairs in *France*: I believe the very Time was settled for his going thither. Notwithstanding which, he received the News of the Regent's Death with that *steady Temper of Mind* he had before shewn in all *Fortunes*; though by this Accident he lost all Hopes of returning to *France*, and of receiving a large Sum of Money, which he conceived was justly due to him, and would have made his

*England*, gave him some terrible *Pangs*; and that it was a good while before that Great Man could get an Opportunity of talking to the late King, though he had something to say to him which very well deserved his Royal Attention. When they have had the Assurance to talk in this Manner, they add, That though they should allow your Hero has a little more in him than some about him, they only grant, that *A One-ey'd Man, is a King among the Blind*. In a word, they pretend to say, That this *mean Jealousy* (a Passion which always supposes great *Defects* in a Person haunted with it) is the *Master-Key* to the whole Conduct of your

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his private Circumstances entirely *easy*. They were not so when he was in *England*: Though there was a Time, when this extraordinary Man might every Day have put whatever Sum of Money he had pleased, into his own Pocket, he never made that Use of the Opportunity, which some *Statesmen*, I have heard of, would *infallibly* have done. I am humbly of Opinion, that the Death of the late Duke of *Orleans*, was a most fortunate Circumstance for this poor Island, having some Grounds to *fear*, that if the late Mr. *Law* had been placed once again at the Head of the Finances in *France*, he had formed a Plan, which would have made that Nation *Mistress of Europe*, and have utterly destroy'd the *British Commerce*. The Pamphlet I have mentioned begins, Page xx. of the *Appendix*.



your Hero, and will serve to explain *several Things*, which no Man living could otherwise account for.

I THINK your Majesty may very easily confute this *Piece of Scandal*. Though *England* has not, perhaps, at present a greater Number of good Heads than it ever contained before at one Time; yet I will not think so very meanly of my Country, as to suppose there are not *some Men* in it, who know what *Grievances* their Fellow-Subjects chiefly complain of, and could find out the most *proper* Methods to give them *Ease*, without inroaching upon the *Rights* of the Crown: That there are not others who understand our *Trade*, and know how to enlarge several *Branches* of it: And, lastly, That there are not others who are capable of representing the *Person* of our *Great King* in Foreign Courts, after such a Manner as may be no *Disgrace* to him: Of convincing the Ministers they treat with, that they are not to be over-reached and deluded either in *publick Treaties*, or *private Conversations*; and of making such *Discoveries* in another Country, as may be of use to their *own*,  
when-



whenever they return to it. In a word, as much as *Vice* and *Corruption* have weakened our *Bodies*, and depraved our *Minds*, I do firmly believe that we have still among us many Men of great *Parts*, great *Learning*, and whose Hearts are really *warm* in the *Interest* of their Country. These are the Persons whom every *wise* and *able* Politician takes care to *find out*; and to fix in such Posts, as may render their different Talents most serviceable to the Publick. Your Majesty, therefore, has nothing more to do, in order to confute the Piece of *Calumny* last mentioned, but to give us a *List* of Men of *Parts*, *Learning*, and *Integrity*, who have been preferred, and brought into Business by your Hero. I am sensible, so long a *List of Names* would interrupt the Thread of your Majesty's Discourse; however, you may add it at the End, by *Way of Appendix*.

THE Enemies of your Majesty's Hero pretend, That the Condition of our Affairs at present, is the *natural Consequence* of this his *mean Jealousy*, and of his having kept Men of the *greatest Abilities* out of *publick Business*: But in this Assertion, their

*Malice* has evidently got the better of their *Discretion*, and given your Majesty a most lucky Advantage over them. As little as I know of Politicks, I will engage to demonstrate, that no *Common Genius's*, no *Vulgar Capacities*, could have put our Affairs in that *happy* Situation they are at present.

ANOTHER wicked Insinuation of your Hero's Enemies, is, That there never was in any Nation a Man more generally *hated* and *abhorred*: That There is hardly a single Person to be found, who will speak well of him, besides his *own Relations*, and such Men, whose particular *Circumstances* and *Situation* make them fear his *Frowns*. I confess, I could wish you would take a little Pains, to shew that this *Insinuation* is entirely groundless; because, I must own, that could I believe it *true*, as great a Respect as I have for your Majesty, I should make some Scruple to take your Majesty's *single Word*, against the *united Voice* and *Out-cries* of a *brave*, a *generous*, and a *good-natur'd People*; Of a People so far from complaining without Reason, that a Gentleman in *Ireland*, famous for making several shrewd Observations,

servations, used to say, that *The English Nation could not SEE, but that they could FEEL*. He used to illustrate this Position, by comparing them to a *Blind-Horse* full of *Mettle* ; and to observe that this *generous Animal* may be spurred on till his Head comes soufe against a Wall ; but that then the *Smart* and *Pain* of the Blow, and his *Indignation* at being thus used, makes him lay about him in such a Manner, that he seldom fails to *fling his Rider*.

ANOTHER Reflection of your Hero's Enemies, is, That he never yet was the Author of any *one* Thing, that was for the real *Service* and *Advantage* of his *Country*. I should not think your Majesty need say any Thing in Contradiction to so *apparent* a Mistake, if that insolent Creature, the *Craftsman*, had not again and again repeated this very Assertion, and defied all Mankind to prove it *false* by *one single Instance*.

ANOTHER Thing, which the Enemies of your Hero have had the Wickedness to insinuate, is, That the *Immense Wealth* he has got, could hardly arise from the *Legal Pro-*  
*fits*

*fits* of his *Post*. I have seen a Calculation in plain Figures, which they have been malicious enough to make, in order to prove what they insinuate ; and which, if it will be of any Service to your Majesty, I believe I could procure for you ; but I take this to be so *evident a Piece of Scandal*, that your Majesty will easily confute it, without any Man's Assistance.

ANOTHER of their *Infamous Forgeries*, is, That your Hero is a little too kind to his Relations ; that even a *Welsh Cousin* of his own shall be preferred to a Man of the *best Sense* and *greatest Integrity*. I have heard some of them cry out, in a malicious sort of a Way, *O glorious Day ! When I--c le H--p was a Min--r of St--e, and Sir Thomas Hanmer had not a Seat in the House of Commons !* I don't know very well what they meant by this Exclamation ; but since I have reported the Fact, I dare say your Majesty will find out their *Meaning*, and make them sufficiently ashamed of it.

LASTLY, They have had the consummate Assurance to attack the very *Eloquence* of  
your



your Hero. That impudent Fellow, the *Craftsman*, pretended the other Day, that he had found a *Pillar* among the Rubbish at *Whitehall*, which was formerly erected to the *Infamy* of Cardinal *Wolsey*. Some People fancy, that he went no farther for his *Pillar* than to his own Study. He told us there was an *Inscription* upon this same *Pillar*, which he printed in one of his *Papers*. This *Inscription*, taking Notice of the Cardinal's *Way of speaking*, says, That he was *Orator Volubilis, haud facundus*. I must own, I think the *Latin* of this pretended *Inscription* was *Classical* enough ; and I believe, whoever composed it, when he wrote the Words I have quoted, had his Eyes upon that Passage in *Tacitus* ; where that Author, speaking of a certain Man, says, That he was *Loquax magis, quam facundus* : Rather a *Prating Fellow*, than truly *Eloquent*. *Danvers*, for fear every Body should not understand his *Latin Inscription*, must needs translate it into *English Verse* ; and when he came to the Words I have mentioned, was wicked enough to Paraphrase upon them in the following Manner.

HIS poor, fallacious, tinsel Eloquence,  
Tickles the Ear, but never informs the Sense ;  
While every Plausible Harangue affords,  
A specious, empty, puzzling Flow of Words.

If your Majesty thinks, that *Danvers* had the Malice to aim at depreciating your *Hero's* Eloquence, while he pretended to describe the *Cardinal's*, I make no manner of Doubt, but that you will easily prove, That the *Eloquence* of the first; instead of being only wordy, brisk, and plausible, is strong, nervous, and masculine.

I HAVE mentioned some of those groundless Scandals, which the Enemies of your Majesty's Hero have been weak enough to invent ; and have even presumed to suggest to your Majesty, in what Manner they ought to be answered. I do not doubt, but one Touch of your Majesty's Pen, will make them all fly and disappear, like Clouds before the Sun ; and I do assure your Majesty, that there is not a Man in *England*, who will more heartily congratulate you upon your Victory, than my self.

YOUR

YOUR Majesty may please to observe, that throughout my whole Letter, I have vindicated your *Hero* in his *publick Character*: I have agreed with your Majesty, that the Reports, of his having a Design upon the *Liberty of the Press*, and that he was endeavouring to *screen* himself by an *Act of Indempnity*, can be no other than *Infamous Forgeries*: If I have mentioned some other *Scandals*, which have been invented by the *Wickedness* and *Malice* of his Enemies, it is only that I may give your Majesty an Opportunity of confuting them.

BUT if, after all I have said in his Defence, your Majesty should wonder what is my particular Quarrel to him, I shall answer your Majesty with the same Frankness and Ingenuity, with which I have hitherto acted.

I do think, that notwithstanding all his *Virtues*, he has treated me with an uncommon Degree of *Cruelty* and *Ingratitude*. I am, however, very sensible, how apt People are to be *partial* in their own Cases. If

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therefore,

therefore, upon a *fair* Hearing, any one Man of *Sense* and *Honour*, of his own Acquaintance, will justify his Behaviour towards me, I am ready to ask his Pardon for what I have said, in the most publick and submissive Manner: Nor is this the first Time I have made him this Offer. I am, however, very sensible that the Destruction of *one* Man, who, perhaps, was *never* very valuable, but who is *now* broke and dispirited by a constant Course of Persecution for *nine* Years together; I say, I am very sensible, that the Destruction of such a Man, is not of Consequence enough to the Publick to interest it in his Behalf: And I do assure your Majesty, that however severely your Hero may have treated me, yet, if I was sure his *Schemes* and *Designs* were for the Service of his Country, and the *real* Interest of that illustrious Family now upon the Throne, I would, with my last Breath, most heartily wish him Success in his Undertakings. I will venture to assert, that a very large Share of my Thoughts, since I was capable of thinking to any Purpose, have been employed in the Service of the House of *Hannover*. Your Majesty is pleased to assert, that

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I seem to *found* all my *Pretensions* upon a *small Entertainment* which I prepared for my Prince in his Way to *New-Market*, and upon a *Poem* which I published soon after, and dedicated it to his Royal Confort. I wish your Majesty had told the Publick to *what* I have made any *Pretensions*: I am sure, I never yet asked, either my King, or my Queen for *Money*, a *Place*, or a *Pension*. I own, I do think that I have some small Pretensions to my Sovereign's good Opinion of my *Loyalty* and *Zeal* for his *Family*; and that these Pretensions have a much *better Foundation*, than any your Majesty has thought fit to take notice of. The *ridiculous Light* your Majesty has endeavoured to place me in, will, I hope, plead my Excuse for saying something, which I should never otherwise have said.

My Behaviour, when the *Protestant Succession* was by many People thought *doubtful*, having been truly represented to the late King, I was, soon after his Majesty's Arrival, sent into *Ireland* in several considerable Employments. I acted there as *Secretary of State*, *Secretary of War*, and *Clerk of*

*the Council, when the Pretender landed in Scotland.*

My undertaking a necessary Business, *foreign* to my *Province*, and which was of no *Advantage* to me, together with some *particular Circumstances* which happened in that *Great Crisis*, and *Hurry of Affairs*, obliged me for many Weeks together to sit up constantly *three Nights in every Week*. It is true, the *Fees* of my Office would have made me some Amends for this excessive Fatigue: But I imagined that in this *great Crisis*, when the *English Constitution* was in danger, every Man was obliged to shew the utmost *Zeal* for his *King* and his *Country*; I therefore gave away all my *legal Fees* upon one of the most *considerable* Branches of my Office, and *returned* their *Money* to such Counties as would send it up to me. The Government themselves, at last, who saw with how much *Zeal* I acted, offered me an handsome *Reward* out of the *Treasury*. I was more than once pressed to take it; but would never except of what, I humbly conceive, I might have received with *Honour*. I never aimed at *immense Wealth*; my *Fortune* was  
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at *that Time* as large as I desired to see it; and I had, perhaps, as little Reason to fear a Gaol, as some of your Majesty's Friends. What I have here mentioned, is a *plain Fact*. Your Hero *knows* it to be *true*: But if he thinks proper to deny it, a whole *Nation* are my *Witnesses*. When your Majesty shall condescend to lay before the Publick one *single Instance*, in which your Hero, or any *one* of his *Family*, has acted with the *like disinterested Zeal* in the Service of his *Prince* and *Country*, I have then a good deal *more* to say to you. Till then, this may, perhaps, suffice; since I humbly conceive, that if I had made any *Pretensions*, this *alone* would have been another Sort of *Foundation* for them, than my offering a *Glass of Wine* to my Prince, as he passed before my Door; or my making two or three *tolerable Verses*. I cannot help telling your Majesty, that your *Speculations* upon these two last Topics, are extreamly *mean* and *pityful*; so very *mean*, that I can truly affirm, they never once entered into my Head.

I HAVE heard, indeed, that the present Queen of *Great Britain* is a *Patroness* of

polite *Arts* and *Sciences* ; of which She has very lately given a remarkable Instance. Her *Bounty* has corrected the Errors of Fortune: She has taken a Man out of extream Poverty, whose *Soul*, it is pretty plain, was infinitely *above* his unhappy Circumstances. If he has but one half of that *Honesty* and *Capacity*, which his Compositions speak, I have known Men undertake to manage the *Interests of a Kingdom*, with a much less Share of either. I will venture to say, that this Instance of her Majesty's Bounty will be no Disgrace to her, though it should be recorded in History ; nor do I think the Precedent extreamly *dangerous*, being firmly perswaded, that if her Majesty should determine to give *thirty Pounds per Annum* to every *Thresher* in her Dominions, who could do what Mr. *Duck* has done, the Revenue of the Crown would be very little impaired by such a Resolution: I am firmly perswaded, that the Nation would not be at all dissatisfied, though Mr. *Duck's small Pension* was paid him out of the *publick Money*. I believe, indeed, they are no mighty Friends to *Pensions in general*; and that they have seen in *former Reigns*, with no little *Uneasiness*, not only

*thirty*



*thirty Pounds*, but *three thousand Pounds per Annum* of their Money given to a *worthless Wretch*, to support his *Pride* and *Luxury*: But what has infinitely added to their *Uneasiness*, has been their observing, that this *Creature*, in Requital for a Pension paid out of the *Purses* and *Labour* of his Fellow-Subjects, had promised to do whatever a wicked Minister bid him, and to employ all his little *Credit* and *Capacity* to ruin the Liberties and Constitution of his Country.

I do assure your Majesty, that I never yet asked, or thought of receiving a *Pension*; but I do most stedfastly believe, that *Excellent Princess*, who now wears the *British Crown*, would think it, at least, as proper to be *Just* as *Generous*; and that while with a Royal and Bountiful Hand, She is giving one poor *deserving* Man so much Reason to Bless her, she would not, if she knew it, suffer even *me*, as *worthless*, as *despicable* as I am, to perish in a Gaol, for want of being paid a *small Arrear*; to which, I think, I have as much *Right*, as any Man in *England* has to his *Estate*.

It is not long since we were informed from the *Publick Papers* of another Action of Her Majesty's, truly worthy a *Great Queen*: We were told, that she had sent *Fifty Pounds* to a *Daughter of Milton's*; and I cannot help observing, that this Action was the *more* generous, as it is well known, that *Milton* employed his *Great Talents* to the Destruction of one of her Royal Predecessors. I have already taken notice, that *Cromwell*, as well as *Queen Elizabeth*, took care to employ the *ablest* Men in *England*. He made *Milton* his *Secretary*, for such of his Dispatches as were to be wrote in *Latin*. I have seen some Letters to soveraign Princes, drawn up by this *Great Man*, in which the *Sense* was so *strong*, and the *Stile* so truly *Roman*, as could scarce fail to give any Assembly, before whom they were read, a great Idea of the *Wisdom* and *Genius* of the *English Nation*. I am sorry to say, for the Honour of my Country, that I have seen some Dispatches, *since* the *Days* of *Oliver Cromwell*, which were neither *Sense* nor *Latin*; and which evidently proved, that the Person who drew them up, did not under-

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stand the true Force and Meaning of those *Words* he used.

CROMWELL was a *good-natured* and *generous* Master to an *able* Servant. *Milton's* Post gave him constant Access to the *Protector*; and I think it can hardly be doubted, but that if this great Man (whose Genius was little inferior to *Homer's*) had been intent upon *getting Money*, he might have made a *large Fortune*. He might, doubtless, have had a *Share* of the *Church-Lands* and *confiscated Estates*; but while he was wholly intent upon what he thought his *Duty*, and the *Service of his Country*, he took so little Care to heap up *Money*, that I am assured his only Daughter (whom he had taught to read *Greek* to him, though she did not understand it) would have wanted *Necessaries* before she died, if *Mr. Addison* had not collected one hundred Guineas for her among his particular Friends; and if the Queen had not lately sent her Fifty Pounds. I never yet asked, and I believe shall never ask for *Bounty-Money* from the Crown; but I do most firmly believe that the same good Queen who sent Fifty Pounds to a *Daughter*  
of

of *Milton's*, would not suffer the *nearest Male-Relation* of the late Mr. ADDISON to *starve in a Goal*, for want of what is most *justly due to him from the Crown*. Having mentioned my deceased *Friend and Relation*, the late Mr. ADDISON, I cannot forbear saying, that I am fully perswaded both the *present Age*, and all *Posterity*, will allow him to have been, at least, as *great* and as *good* a Man, as your Majesty's Hero. It is something more difficult for a Man to make a *whole Nation* chearfully lay out their *Money* to know his *Sentiments*, than to talk before *five hundred* People in a *Place*, where they are *obliged* to hear what is said, if they do not stop their Ears. Mr. ADDISON's Political Writings, in the Opinion of all Mankind, contributed not a little to endear the *Protestant Succession* to his Fellow-Subjects. I believe it is hardly yet forgot what a *Spirit of Liberty* his *Tragedy* of *Cato* rouzed up in the *People*; and that an *able* and *dextrous* Statesman \* then in Power, (whatever was his private Opinion,) thought it a wiser Way to swim with the Stream,

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\* The late Lord B——ke.



Stream, than oppose the Torrent : He went himself to the Theatre, sat in the most conspicuous Part of it, joined with the People in their Applauses ; and when the Play was done, clapping *fifty Guineas* into *Booth's* Hand, told him, with an *Air* which more than *doubled* the *Favour*, That He *must desire him to accept of that small Present, for dying so nobly in the Cause of Liberty*. In a word, I do firmly believe that your Majesty's *Hero* never yet did one *tenth* Part of that *real Service* for the *House of Hanover*, as the late Mr. ADDISON. I would not be thought to mean this as a *Reflection* : Heaven itself does not require more of any Man, than his *Abilities* enable him to perform.

THIS is not a Place to examine whether I ever did your *Hero* any *particular Services* ; or he ever made me any *particular Promises*. I was never yet weak enough to imagine, that a *Modern Politician* was obliged by his *Word*, or the common Rules of *Justice* and *Gratitude*. I was born to an *Estate*, which placed me, above *Want* : I was bred to a *Profession*, in which, I hope, I could have got at least a *Livelihood* : But  
if

If my *Paternal Estate* has been struck at by *Extraordinary Methods*; If I have been discountenanced in the Exercise of my *Profession*; If with an *Inhumanity* rarely practised towards the most *notorious Traitor*, the *sacred Name* of a *King*, detesting *Cruelties*, has been made use of to prevent *Great Mens* doing me Kindnesses which they intended, but which I never *solicited*, or even *expected*; If this should happen to be the Case, *These are Circumstances which* (let me tell your Majesty in your own Words) *will justify an open Opposition*. If I can be made sensible, that I have done your Majesty's Hero any Injury, or have been misinformed in any *one Particular*, (which I will not affirm is *absolutely* impossible,) there is no Reparation, upon Earth, in my Power to make, which I shall not most readily make him. In this Case, there shall be no Occasion for any *Acts of Power* or *Extraordinary Management* in *Westminster-Hall*. I believe I should be as *severe* to *myself*, as ever he could be to me. But, if on the other hand, your Majesty has inspired him with some of those arbitrary Principles upon which you acted, when you was *King of Sparta*, and which made you *assassinate*

nate or banish every Man you did not like.\* If his Head is so entirely turned with *Pride* and *Power*, as to imagine himself above giving any *Reason* for his Proceedings to Men whose *Assistance* he once *courted*, I am of Opinion he will yet find *Spirit* enough left among his Fellow-Subjects, to give him some little Uneasiness : I myself can inform him of one *poor Gentleman*, who, though at present he lies in a Gaol, yet, while he has any Breath left in his poor Carcase, will never *silently* submit to so *open*, so *bare-faced* a *Tyranny*. I have read an Account of the Proceedings of the *Spanish Inquisition*, and I observe,

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\* *Cleomenes* resolving to be absolute, upon his Return to *Sparta*, at the Head of the Mercenaries, from an Expedition against the *Acheans*, sent one *Eurycidas* before him to the *Suffitium*, or *Eating-Place* of the *Ephori*. *Eurycidas* pretended he had a Message from the King, relating to the Army; but while he was delivering this pretended Message, a small Party of *Samotheacians*, that followed him, rushed in, and slew the *Ephori*. *Cleomenes* banishing some other *Spartans*, assumed the whole Power over the Commonwealth; but his having murdered the *Ephori* in this infamous Manner; and it being likewise strongly suspected, that he had caused *Archidamas* to be assassinated, made him so much detested by some of his Subjects, that (though he had an *unbounded Generosity* and great *military Skill*) it is thought he was betrayed in the Battle against *Antigonus*; nor can I find, that after the Death of that Prince, the *Lacedemonians* ever desired *Cleomenes* should return to *Sparta*.

observe, that whenever that most *merciful Tribunal* clap an unhappy Wretch upon the *Rack*, he has always the *Liberty* of *Groaning* as loud as he has a mind to.

YOUR Majesty is pleased to conclude your Letter with a Question : After having finished your Panegyrick upon your *Hero*, you are pleased to ask ;

“ *What then is it possible such a Gentle-*  
“ *man should apprehend from so despicable*  
“ *a Tool as Mr. Budgell ?* ”

To this *Question* I shall return a direct *Answer*. Your Majesty asks, *What it is possible your Hero should apprehend from so despicable a Tool as Mr. Budgell ?* I answer, If he is *Innocent*, NOTHING ; If he is *Guilty*, EVERY THING. We have, Thanks be to God, a King and Queen upon the Throne, who are Lovers of *Justice*, and abhor *Cruelties*. 'Tis true, the Age we live in, is *base* and *degenerate* enough ; yet, perhaps, *plain Truths* and *Matters of Fact*, may carry some little *Weight* with them, though they should  
happen



to Cleomenes. 271

happen to fall from the *Mouth*, or the *Pen*,  
even of *so despicable a Tool as Mr. Budgell*.

*I am,*

*Your Majesty's most Obliged,*

*And most Obedient Humble Servant.*

Novem. 6.

1730.



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## P O S T S C R I P T.

SOME of my Readers may possibly expect, that I should give a particular Answer to all those *kind Titles*, your Majesty has been pleased to confer upon me in your Royal Epistle : Such as an *Ape*, a *Fool*, a *Coxcomb*, an *Impostor*, a *Buffoon*, an *Implement of Scandal*, a *Man below all Notice*, a *base Defamer*, &c. But as these *Arguments* are couched in a *Stile*, which becomes no Man but a *Monarch*, and in which I never yet wrote, I have nothing at all to say to *this Part* of your Majesty's *Letter*.

F I N I S.



THE

# APPENDIX.



